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THE TRYST.

BY FRANCES HAY.

Her wide hat swinging in her hand,
Twisting a wild-rose in its band,
And singing low to herself the while,
Down she came to the wood-path stile.

Fair and young, with a winsome grace
That lay not all in her radiant face,
In her smiling lips, downcast eyes,
And cheeks that flushed with a sweet surprise.

Then stepped her lover across the brook;
Oh, the joy of her welcoming look,
And of his bright smile and clasping hand,
And the silence that true hearts understand!

Fade, Summer day, in the far-off West—
Of your happy hours this is brightest, best;
For the joy that came as you passed away
Shall gladden two lives for ever and aye!

Life in its beauty before them lies.
Is there one would wish to unveil their eyes
And show them the Future unfair, unsweet,
With its many burdens and cares replete?

O world, with your treasures all in store—
Years that will teach us your deepest lore—
Beyond your wealth and beyond your truth
Do we value the love we learned in Youth!

THE GRAY CLOAK.

—OR—

My Lady's Diamonds.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FOR LIFE AND LOVE," "PRINCESS CHARMIAN," "SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"YOU don't care for diamonds!" said Lady Heatherbloom. "It is talking nonsense to say that, Floss; you want to see them on yourself, and then you will know what diamonds are. Come—you shall try on the Heatherbloom set; some day or other they will be yours, I suppose."

She touched a bell at her side as she spoke, immediately a maid came in from the next room.

"Unlock my jewel-case, Mills," said Lady Heatherbloom, "and bring me the diamonds."

During Mills' absence a silence fell upon the two ladies. They were sitting drinking tea in a little sitting-room which was Lady Heatherbloom's own particular sanctum; it opened into her dressing-room. It was small, but wonderfully pretty: the chairs were of carved ivory, the walls hung with white silk embroidered with flowers.

Floss was not often invited there; when she came she looked about her with eyes of wonder. None of the dignified grandeur of the Heatherbloom mansion impressed her as did this nook—all color and sweet scents.

Floss was Lord Heatherbloom's ward, an orphan, and absolutely poor. She was a distant connection of the family, the child of people of good birth, but without means. She was left alone in the world when a mere girl, but Lord Heatherbloom was her guardian; and, when her mother was on her death-bed, she wrote to him. The Earl responded immediately in person; he arrived however too late to see his cousin alive; but he took Floss home with him, and told Lady Heatherbloom that she was to live with them always until she married.

Lady Heatherbloom looked at her, and knew that her own beauty was eclipsed. She received the girl very graciously however.

Floss was intensely shy and timid. She was full of gratitude for all the kindness that had been shown her by the Heatherblooms; but she had no courage to express it.

She understood Lady Heatherbloom's remark about the diamonds: her engagement to Lord Heatherbloom's younger brother was but a month old—any reference to it brought the hot blood to Floss's face. Lady Heatherbloom had no children; the girl knew that what she had meant was that she herself might one day be Lady Heatherbloom.

She felt strangely shy when Mills returned and opened the case in which lay the Heatherbloom diamonds. Lady Heatherbloom rose, and, taking them from their velvet beds with her own hands, decked Floss out in all the glory of these magnificent jewels. Then she turned her to a mirror.

"Tell me now if diamonds are not in their place upon a beautiful woman," she said gaily.

Floss crimsoned and looked deprecatingly at her own reflection; but what she saw surprised her so much that she looked again; for indeed the sparkling stones did add a brilliance to her beauty such as she had never seen it wear before.

She drew back a step, with a startled look. Lady Heatherbloom watched Floss's changing and expressive face with much amusement.

"You are half afraid of yourself, are you not, Floss?" she said with a smile.

"Not of myself, I think," the girl replied, "but of the stones; I am sure I should never dare wear jewels of such value. Fancy, if one lost them!"

"Lost them!" repeated Lady Heatherbloom, giving her a quick glance. "What an absurd idea! Of course such things are lost, but not every day, and not, as a rule, when one is wearing them. They are more often lost from their case, if lost at all. I wonder sometimes there are not more robberies of that kind; it would really be a very easy thing to take those diamonds, for instance. Mills might tell all the servants in the house, all the burglars in London, just where they are kept in my dressing-room, and I don't think I should hear it if a dozen burglars walked about there all night. I sleep the sleep of an easy conscience; however I hope they won't do it—I don't want to lose the Heatherbloom diamonds."

She spoke carelessly: Floss meanwhile was taking off the jewels and placing them tenderly back in their cases. Certainly, as they lay there sparkling on the velvet, they were very beautiful, even to unlearned eyes.

Floss knew nothing about diamonds; yet she drew a long breath of admiration as she looked at them.

"They are fine stones," said Lady Heatherbloom. "Most of them have been in the family for a long, long time. I'm glad you admire them, Floss; it would be dreadful want of taste if you didn't."

"Oh, yes, I do indeed!" declared Floss. "I did not suppose they were really so beautiful. I hardly noticed them that night you wore them; I was too frightened myself to look at anything."

"Frightened! You, who were the prettiest girl in the room!" Lady Heatherbloom exclaimed, laughing. "Put the diamonds away, Mills—and don't forget that I wear them to-morrow night. Put out the opals for me this evening. And you, Floss—what are you going to wear to-night?"

"I have a new dress that you have not seen, Lady Heatherbloom—Dulue has made it for me; I think it is pretty; but, though I wanted something simple, it has cost a good deal."

"Do you want some money, Floss?" asked the Countess.

"No—oh, no! Lord Heatherbloom is very kind to me—kinder than I have any right to expect."

"Nonsense, child!" said Lady Heatherbloom lightly. "You are one of ourselves. Pray what would George Hazel say if you were not dressed in accordance with your beauty and position?"

"Yes, I understand!"—Floss grew crimson as she answered. "And yet, do you know, Lady Heatherbloom, I can't help being ashamed that I am so poor!"

Lady Heatherbloom turned and looked sharply at her.

"You are talking nonsense, Floss!" she said.

"Perhaps I am," replied the girl humbly; "yet I would like to have some money of my own."

"You will have plenty one day!" declared Lady Heatherbloom, with a laugh. "Wait till you are the Honorable Mrs. Hazel; that won't be so very long. George says nothing will induce him to wait for more than a year—if you don't consent to become his wife then, he'll carry you off in a coach and four."

Floss smiled, and then sighed.

"It is time to dress, I think," she said, and went away slowly.

Mills was at the jewel-case; she had put away the diamonds, and was taking out the stones that were to be worn to-night. Floss stood a moment in the doorway and watched her.

Lady Heatherbloom turned her head and watched Floss. Presently Floss awoke from her abstraction and became aware of Lady Heatherbloom's gaze. She looked round, laughed a little, blushed a great deal and ran away.

Lady Heatherbloom, left alone, fell into a reverie so profound that she remained still and motionless, never noticing how the time passed, until at last Mills had to come and remind her that it was necessary to dress for dinner.

Then she looked at her watch and roused herself, for she had but just time to make her toilette.

They were dining out; so, when Floss was dressed, she put on her wrap before going down-stairs. This was a long cloak of very dark gray silk that reached to the ground; it had a hood, which she drew over her head. Thus equipped, she had the appearance of a lovely little Quakeress.

She went down the wide stairs to the drawing-room, where she almost expected to find Lady Heatherbloom waiting for her—for she was a little late. But there was only one person in the room—a gentleman, who stood opposite to the door watching it.

His hands were full of roses. As Floss caught sight of him she flushed and smiled; then she clasped her gloved hands, exclaiming—

"Oh, George, how beautiful!"

"Isn't Kennedy a good old fellow?" said George. "I was delighted when I saw these—will you wear them!"

"Oh, yes!" Floss answered eagerly; and she hastily unfastened her cloak, and, throwing it aside, began to unpin the flowers in her hair and dress.

"I wish I could help you;" said George; "but I daren't touch, lest I should spoil something or other. How well you look in that dress—and the roses will just perfect it! Floss, there's no such lovely woman in London to-night as you?"

He stood, the roses in his hands, and feasted his eyes on her beauty. She stood in front of a great mirror which was let into the panelling of the wall; and, when she had taken the flowers from her hair, she took two roses from the cluster he held, and fastened them into the soft waving masses.

"There are no such lovely roses in the world as these, I think?" she said, with a little sigh of happiness.

Mr. Kennedy was the head-gardener at Heatherland Castle, Lord Heatherbloom's seat in Scotland; and these especial roses were the pride and joy of his heart, for he believed no other gardener in Great Britain could grow them to perfection.

Lady Heatherbloom liked flowers, but she cared for many other kinds more than for roses; but Floss loved them. George had observed this—and, after their engagement, he bribed Kennedy to preserve the blossoms of these especial trees for him. Kennedy understood very well what was wanted of him.

He sent Lady Heatherbloom boxes of flowers which filled the great town-house with color and sweetness; and every now and then he despatched to Mr. George three or four of these wonderful roses.

Floss was happier when she wore them than when she had the diamonds in her hair and on her neck. She did not know that they became her delicate beauty better than any precious stones—she only knew that she loved them, and that George brought them to her.

The Honorable George Hazel was singularly unlike his brother, the Earl. Both were tall; but Lord Heatherbloom was very slight and stooped rather; he wore a long waving brown beard, and a heavy moustache, which made people fancy him sarcastic, because they could not see when he laughed and when he did not. He was but little given to speech, though he could talk well when he chose.

He was a very reserved and taciturn man as a rule—people were a little inclined sometimes to pity his lovely wife. Mr. Hazel was the opposite of all this. He was broad in proportion to his height; he lived out-of-doors as much as he could; he was a rowing-man, a cricketer, a great rider. His face was clean shaven, and this was so much the better, for he had a most expressive mouth; his eyes were always laughing.

He simply adored Floss. He stood breathlessly absorbed in watching her now as she fastened the two roses in her hair and a great cluster amongst the lace on her shoulder.

This done, she turned away from the mirror and met his eyes. Something in their look brought the rare color to her cheeks—such a color!—when the blood rose underneath that alabaster skin, it was like nothing but the glow upon a young rose-leaf.

"Floss," he said, "I can never be at rest while it is possible that anything can part us. When we are married, I shall hardly dare to let you out of my sight. Now, when I have to wait so many hours, I tremble lest something should happen to you while we are separated."

"What can happen?" she asked, half frightened.

"Oh, I do not know—I have no idea! But when you were at Heatherland I could not rest until I came too; I thought sometimes the Castle might burn down. I did not care so much if I could be with you; but if I had to live on without you—no, Floss, I could not do it! How I love you! Give me your hand a minute, Floss. I wish this glove were not upon it, and yet the glove is a dear little thing, because it is yours."

"I used to think you were wise, George," said Floss; "it seems to me now that you are very foolish!"

"I have never been so sensible as since I have known you, Floss. I have used my time well, for I have learned to love you more and more every minute of it."

"Don't love me too much," cautioned Floss, with a little world-worn air, imitated from Lady Heatherbloom, "or the fever may burn out."

"I shall love you," said George Hazel, very seriously, "as long as there is any breath in my body; and I hope even after that!"

Floss shook her sunny head.

"That sounds very sweet," she answered; "but people in love always say the same thing, don't they? Ah, George, don't look at me like that! You know, if I didn't believe you, I should break my heart!"

Two tears stood in her shining eyes as she raised them to his; and he tried to wipe them away with a morsel of Valenciennes which, she said, was her pocket-handkerchief; and then they laughed and forgot why the tears had come, they were so happy—forgot that there was a dinner-party and a dance to go to to-night—forgot that the carriage had been waiting half an hour at the door, and that Floss should have her wraps on, ready to go, the moment Lady Heatherbloom came down.

Indeed they were so happy that they did not know Lady Heatherbloom was ready and standing in the drawing-room doorway, until they heard her soft laugh.

"So you have brought Floss some roses!" she said. "You are a great favorite with Kennedy, George. Never mind, I forgive you; for Floss looks lovely when she wears them. Come, make haste with her cloak; we are very late?"

CHAPTER II.

THEY reached home again before three the next morning. Mills was surprised; she never expected Lady Heatherbloom, when the season was at its height, before five.

Lady Heatherbloom undressed quickly; she said she was tired to death, and she would not let Mills stay to put anything away.

"Go to bed," she said, "and don't wake me till noon."

Mills was accustomed to obey her mistress to the letter. So it was twelve o'clock when the maid came again to her ladyship's room, carrying a cup of strong tea. Lady Heatherbloom was sound asleep, but she roused herself.

"What a blessing sleep is!" she said, as she drank the tea. "We should soon grow old but for sleep. Do I look very tired this morning, Mills?"

Mills knew her cue very well, and solemnly assured Lady Heatherbloom that she looked perfectly fresh, all the while thinking to herself the very opposite of what she said.

"I must keep quiet to-day," Lady Heatherbloom went on, relinquishing her cup, and lying back on the pillows. "I really do want to be fresh for the reception to-night. White velvet and diamonds, remember, Mills; and put the duchesse lace in the velvet. I believe that dress will suit me. I know Dulue expects it to be a triumph."

When Lady Heatherbloom descended for luncheon at two o'clock, she found Floss already down; she had been up a long while; she had looked at the papers and read half a volume of a novel, and tried to understand something Lord Heatherbloom had told her about an astronomical discovery he believed himself to be on the verge of making. He was explaining it to Floss and to George—for George had come in to luncheon—when Lady Heatherbloom appeared.

"We must only have a little drive in the Park to-day, Floss," said Lady Heatherbloom, as they sat down to the table. "This season is wearing me dreadfully; I feel so tired!"

Lord Heatherbloom looked at his wife more carefully than he had done for some time.

"You are looking worn," he said, "and you've got a new wrinkle. Take care, or you'll no longer be the handsomest woman in London. If you would only keep down your hunger for excitement and take life placidly, you might retain that position for many years."

Lady Heatherbloom moved impatiently in her chair. Two years ago the Earl had accidentally discovered that she was "making a book" at Ascot. This was a form of gambling which he thought poor enough for his own sex—in a woman he hated it. And Lady Heatherbloom knew well enough what he referred to when he spoke of her "hunger for excitement." Though he had never found her out again, he had not forgotten that incident two years ago; and this keenness of memory offended Lady Heatherbloom exceedingly.

George stayed all the afternoon with the two ladies, drove in the Park with them, and came back to drink tea in the flower-scented drawing-room. Then he went away reluctantly.

He had to go out to dinner, and to-night he was not lucky enough to dine at the same table as Floss.

When he was gone, there was an hour of quiet. Floss sat thinking, her hands crossed upon a book which she had taken to read, and her eyes soft with happiness. Lady Heatherbloom went away to her own bright sanctum, and stretched her shapely form upon a wide low couch cushioned with velvet.

Presently there was a knock at the door, and Mills entered. There was a very strange look on her face, and it was perfectly white.

"What's the matter, Mills?" exclaimed Lady Heatherbloom.

Mills tried to speak, but failed.

"What is it?" cried Lady Heatherbloom imperatively. "Speak, and don't frighten me!"

Then Mills gasped—

"My lady, the diamonds are gone!"

"Gone!" echoed Lady Heatherbloom. In an instant she was on her feet. "What do you mean?" she said. "I do not understand."

"They are gone, my lady!" repeated Mills. "That is all I know. I never looked this morning when I put away the opals. I don't know if they were gone then," she went on in a bewildered sort of way.

"Go and fetch Lord Heatherbloom at once," was the answer—"at once, mind! If he is at his club, send one of the men in a cab after him."

Mills went away without attempting to speak again. Lady Heatherbloom, when she was gone, went to the door of her dressing-room and looked in. She advanced a few paces and glanced at the open door of the safe where her jewel case was kept, but did not touch it or go near it; she returned to her sitting-room and began to walk restlessly up and down.

Very soon the door opened, and Lord Heatherbloom came in quickly. He was visibly agitated.

"What is it Mills tells me? The Heatherbloom diamonds gone? She must be mad or dreaming! Have you looked into it, Cordelia?"

"I was waiting for you," answered Lady Heatherbloom.

Then they went straight into the dressing room together, and stood looking at the open safe. Within it they could see the case which belonged to the diamonds. That, too, was open, and it was empty.

"When did you have them out last?" asked the Earl.

Mills had returned to the room now, and was also standing looking at the empty case. She answered the question.

"Yesterday afternoon," she said; "my lady had them out to show Miss Floss, and put them on her. And, oh, my lady," she added, with a little cry at the recollection, "do you remember you and Miss Floss talked about how easy it would be for them to be stolen in the night?"

"You locked them up again?" said Lord Heatherbloom.

"Yes, my lord, I did, and put the key in its hiding-place. I remember Lady Heatherbloom and Miss Floss were both watching me."

"And you did not open the case that held the diamonds again—until now?"

"No, my Lord. When I put away the opals, I had no reason to open that case. I just put the opals in and locked the safe again."

"You have been about here all day?"

"I have been sewing in the dressing-room nearly all day, my lord."

"Did you hear nothing in the night, Cordelia?"

"Nothing," she answered. "You know I sleep soundly. Don't you remember you told me you came into my room last week, and I was asleep; and you went out without waking me, though you had a light in your hand?"

"That is true," replied Lord Heatherbloom. "Then any one might come in here and do what they chose without your hearing them from your bed-room? But there is one thing we must not forget; whoever stole those diamonds knew where the key was hidden. The lock has not been tampered with."

At this Mills lost her self-control entirely, and burst into tears. Sobbing piteously, she made her way to the door and went out of the room.

"It is very extraordinary," said Lord Heatherbloom. "I can't suspect that woman after trusting her for so many years. Why did she not take them before? And, if she has taken them now, why hasn't she run away? Mills can't have anything to do with it. I must get a detective in to make inquiries about the other servants."

Lady Heatherbloom had been sitting, since she entered the room, her eyes absently fixed upon the empty safe. Something now attracted her attention.

"What is that white thing that seems to have been crushed by shutting the door?" she said.

Lord Heatherbloom went and took the white thing up in his hand.

"Only a crushed rose," he answered.

"How should it be there?" said Lady Heatherbloom. "Mills does not wear roses."

Lord Heatherbloom looked more closely at it, and seemed to find a great deal to look at. At last he said—

"Do you recognise it?"

"I think so," Lord Heatherbloom answered rather faintly.

"It is one of those roses George gave to Floss," he said—"one of Kennedy's choicest. How did it get here? Did she give you any of them?"

"Don't you know," said Lady Heatherbloom, "she does not give away George's flowers? But she may drop them accidentally."

"Good Heaven's, Cordelia! What do you want me to think?"

"I don't know what to think myself," declared Lady Heatherbloom.

"How is it Mills did not notice this flower this morning?" asked Lord Heatherbloom, after a moment.

"I think I can tell you," she answered. "It was because she did not open the left-hand door at all. The opals are just inside."

"That is true;" and Lord Heatherbloom put the crushed rose down upon the table and began to walk restlessly about the room.

Presently he stopped, took up the rose, and looked at it again.

"Cordelia," he said, "we must keep this quiet for a little while. Tell Mills to say nothing. It cannot be what it seems to be! If it is we must soon find it out."

"It seems impossible!" said Lady Heatherbloom. "Yet she said yesterday she did so wish she were rich."

"Why should she say that?" questioned Lord Heatherbloom. "Surely we have not made her feel her poverty?"

"I cannot tell," his wife answered; "but certainly she did say so. I never knew before that her poverty distressed her. I ought not to have dazzled her eyes with these stones; stronger people have been unable to resist such a temptation. I noticed her watch Mills shut the safe and put away the key."

"Hush!" exclaimed Lord Heatherbloom. "Don't say any more! I will keep this rose; I must think a little before I can do anything. Cordelia, I would stake my life on that girl's truth and innocence; I believe in her as I believe in you!"

Lady Heatherbloom rose suddenly from her chair.

"Who then can have done it?" she then asked.

There was a moment's silence; then Lord Heatherbloom spoke.

"Tell Mills the loss of the diamonds is not to be published immediately," he said.

Then he left the room, and Lady Heatherbloom sank back into her chair and dropped her face into her hands.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was a very curious atmosphere in the house the next few days. Even George became sensible of it.

"What is the matter?" he asked his brother. "You and Cordelia look as if you had been at a funeral."

The first time he put the question Lord Heatherbloom made no reply; but, when he was pressed for an answer, he said quietly—

"There is something the matter, George; I may be obliged to tell you what it is in a few days. But don't ask me any more now."

There seemed to be no guilty conscience among the servants; none of them left; the household went on just as usual. Mills was the only person who showed any signs of distress; but then her knowledge of the loss was sufficient to account for that. Lord Heatherbloom could not bring himself to believe she had anything to do with the theft; she had been a valued servant in the Heatherbloom family long before she was Lady Heatherbloom's own maid. Her family had been on the Heatherland estate for generations.

This was the case with all the servants in the house, except some of the younger ones. Mrs. Riddell, the housekeeper, and Grant, the butler, had both been in the household between thirty and forty years.

After some days of waiting and anxious hesitation, Lord Heatherbloom called in the services of one of the best London detectives.

This man went to work very carefully; he considered that Lord Heatherbloom had done well to keep the thing so quiet. He spent a day or two making acquaintance with the men in the stables, who frequented a certain public-house behind the mansion. He got to know the footman and the butler; but, despite an immense patience, he could learn nothing. At last he came to Lord Heatherbloom.

"There is nothing more to be done in this way," he said. "You had better announce the loss, and have all the servants searched and questioned."

The next day was one long to be remembered by the household. The police came in and searched the servants' rooms and boxes, while one after another was questioned and cross-questioned by the detective and his chief.

Lord Heatherbloom stayed for some time with them; but there was such a total absence of anything like a clue that he felt faint, knowing that crushed rose to be in his pocket-book, and went away to his study. Here, late in the afternoon, came the detective, and with him Mrs. Riddell.

"My lord," said the officer, "this woman knows something; but I cannot get it from her. She says she will tell no one but your lordship."

"Leave us alone then," commanded Lord Heatherbloom to the officer.

When he was gone, he turned to the housekeeper.

"Now, Mrs. Riddell," he said, "tell me what you you know; keep nothing back, I beseech you, for this is a very serious affair."

"I know it, my lord, and I made up my mind this morning I would tell this to you, but to no one else, my lord, unless you wish it. That is for you to decide—the incident puzzled me very much at the time; but I never thought it could be of any importance until now!"

"Tell me what it is, Riddell," commanded Lord Heatherbloom; "don't keep me waiting."

"The night on which those jewels must have be stolen, your lordship and my lady and Miss Floss were home before three. The carriage woke me as it drove to the door, and I looked at my watch. I could not go to sleep again; I'm getting an old woman now, my lord, and sometimes I can't, when I'm wakened in the night, and when I lie awake I can't help getting nervous. Often I fancy I hear some one about the house, and get up to wake the men-servants. It was so that night; a little after four I started up, certain I heard a step or a sound in the corridor below. Of course, there's your lordship's rooms there, and my lady's and Miss Floss's; and your lordship, I know, does move about late sometimes. But, knowing the valuable things there are in this house, I can't help getting up to see who is about when I am roused. I did that night. I crept out of my room and leaned over the balusters. Soon there was another sound, and a moment later I saw Miss Floss come out of her ladyship's dressing-room door. It was daybreak, and I could quite distinctly see her, wrapped in her gray silk cloak, with the hood drawn down over her face. She went softly down stairs and let herself out at the front door."

Lord Heatherbloom leaned back in his chair and passed his hand over his face.

"Any more, Riddell?" he said, after a moment.

"I went back to my room and looked out of the window. I could just catch a glimpse of her, but she kept very close to the wall. I am almost certain there was a man waiting to meet her at the corner of Park Lane; certainly he had been standing there before, and he disappeared when she did. I saw nothing more, my lord; but I did not sleep again. A little after five I heard a sound on the stairs and a door shut very softly."

"But how could she get in again?"

"There's a latch-key, my lord, always in the drawer in the hall; she could undo all the other fastenings and take this key with her. She must have chained and bolted the door again when she came in."

There was a silence for a few minutes. Then Lord Heatherbloom spoke.

"I am very grateful to you, Riddell, for telling this only to me," he said. "Never breathe a word of it to any other living soul. And now will you go and send the police-officers to me?"

She did so. The men came, hoping to be put upon a new scent. To their amazement they heard that the affair was not to be investigated any further. They were rewarded for what they had done, and told to let the matter drop.

But the excitement in the household had made the matter, to a certain extent, public. The newspapers were full of the mysterious disappearance of Lady Heatherbloom's diamonds. But, as absolutely nothing was discovered about their loss, by degrees the interest in the story died away.

One day Lady Heatherbloom sent for her husband. He found her in the drawing-room, walking restlessly up and down.

"Floss is out," she said abruptly; "she has gone shopping somewhere with Mills. I want you to come with me to her dressing-room."

Lord Heatherbloom said nothing, but followed his wife. He dreaded knowing more; yet he would not refuse.

Lady Heatherbloom's dressmaker, who came over from Paris once or twice in the season had been visiting Floss that morning. The dressing-room was left just as it was at her departure. Chairs, couch, all were covered with lovely dress-fabrics; two beautiful toilettes were lying near the mirror where Floss had been trying them on. On the dressing-table was some very pretty jewelry, evidently new.

"Do you think," said Lady Heatherbloom after a moment's pause, "that Floss can do this sort of thing out of her allowance? I asked Dulue to-day; Floss has not run into debt."

"Not out of her allowance, perhaps," returned Lord Heatherbloom uneasily; "but then you know I have often augmented that. Floss never seemed to like taking money; and I have several times left a fifty-dollar note on the writing-table in the sitting room."

"A fifty-dollar note!" said Lady Heatherbloom scornfully. "How many have you left there lately?"

"None, for a considerab'e time," confessed Lord Heatherbloom.

"She cannot give less than three hundred dollars each for those two toilettes there," said Lady Heatherbloom, "and you can tell, as well as I, the value of that jewelry, which is all quite new, and which I know George has not given her."

"How do you know?"

"I asked him. He has never given her anything but her engagement-ring. The fact is, Floss's head is turned. I dare say I was to blame. She was unaccustomed to all these things when she came here; she wanted to have them for her own."

"Don't theorize about it," exclaimed Lord Heatherbloom—"the thing is too awful! We must have nothing but facts. I have never told you that Mrs. Riddell saw Floss leave the house that night the diamonds were stolen."

"Saw her leave the house!" cried Lady Heatherbloom. "What do you mean?"

"Riddell was wakeful that night; you know we were all home by three. Well, Riddell saw Floss go out of the house about four, wrapped in her long gray cloak, with the hood drawn over her face. And Riddell says she came out of your dressing-room."

Lady Heatherbloom turned very pale, and leaned against the doorpost, as if her strength were failing her.

"Then that was why you stopped the inquiry and sent the police away?" she said in a hoarse voice, very unlike her usual soft tones.

"Yes, that was why," he answered gloomily. Then he added, rousing himself—"But now we must do something. I did not mean to let it go on much longer; only I was waiting for more evidence. I shall speak to her to-day. She must not remain in this fancied security. Of course, the thing must be hushed up entirely; unless she confesses and helps us to recover the diamonds, we must let them go. But, in any case, George's engagement must be broken off."

"George said to me last night," said Lady Heatherbloom, still in the same hoarse voice, "that he could not believe any living woman was half so good or half so lovely as Floss."

"Poor George," murmured the Earl—"poor George! But it must be. Here she is! Cordelia, don't go away. The girl makes me a coward—my old faith in her makes me afraid!"

Flora was running up stairs to her room, singing softly as she came. She wore a pretty light-colored walking-dress; and as she came to the door and took off her straw hat she looked the sweetest, most innocent young creature imaginable.

A glance at Lady Heatherbloom's pale face silenced the song on her lips, when she saw the Earl standing within her room the faint color that exercise had brought to her face faded from it.

There was a painful silence. Lady Heatherbloom regarded Flora with a strange cold look; Lord Heatherbloom too looked at her earnestly for a moment; then he turned his eyes away; her sweet beauty distressed him.

"Flora," he said, "I want to speak to you."

"What is it?" cried the girl. "What is the matter? Oh, do tell me!"

She came into the room and laid her hat upon the table, and unfastened a little kerchief which was loosely tied about her throat, but which seemed to her to prevent her breathing.

For a moment it seemed to Lord Heatherbloom that he could not speak to her now that she was before him; but, as he expected, his wife's presence kept him to the point.

He determined he would not be made foolish by the beauty of this fair girl, though in his heart, he would have liked to go blindly on, cheating himself into a belief in her innocence; but he knew that, for his brother's sake, this cowardice was impossible.

"Tell me, Flora," he said, kindly, "how is it you are able to have so many pretty things?"

Flora followed the gesture of his hand and looked round the room. She colored a little, hesited, and looked from him to Lady Heatherbloom.

"Tell me," he continued, his manner suddenly becoming more stern — "I must know! You have spent a great deal of money lately; I have a very good reason for asking you where it has come from."

Flora flushed crimson color, and stammered—

"I—I suppose—from you!"

Lord Heatherbloom turned away from her impatiently.

"From me!" he exclaimed angrily. "Your allowance would not cover this kind of expenditure."

"I know that!" returned Flora eagerly. "But I thought—I thought you wanted me to look more worthy of George; I supposed you did not want people to think he was marrying a poor girl; and I tried to please you——"

"Tried to please me!" cried the Earl. "What does this mean? Cannot you explain yourself? I ask you—where has the money come from?"

Flora looked again from him to Lady Heatherbloom; then she said—

"I don't know."

"Don't know!" repeated Lord Heatherbloom. "Flora, try to make a better tale than this!"

"I cannot," she said piteously.

Lord Heatherbloom looked at her with an expression such as she had never seen on his kindly face before—such as perhaps no one had ever seen there.

"Do you refuse to tell me any more?" he asked.

"No, no," she exclaimed; "I will tell you what I can! I have always had rather more money than my allowance, because now and again I have found a note on my writing-table, which I thought you had put there, Lord Heatherbloom, because it was always when you had noticed I had no money."

"Yes, yes—that is quite true!" said the Earl. "I have often left a ten-pound note there when I thought you needed it, because I did not care to be always hearing you say 'Thank you.'"

"That was how I understood it," responded Flora. "Well, last week I found there two hundred pounds — four fifty-pound notes."

Nothing was said for a few moments. Lord Heatherbloom looked from Flora to his wife. Then Flora went on very timidly—

"I was surprised—startled; but some remarks had been made about my dress the day before—Lady Heatherbloom had said I had not dinner-dresses enough, and George looked at what I was wearing. When I thought it over, I concluded that you, in your generosity, had given me this money that George might not be ashamed of me. I have been busy trying to spend it so that he and you might be pleased."

"I have put no money on your table for months," remarked Lord Heatherbloom, in a hard voice; "and I have never put more than a ten pound note; so this explanation will not serve."

Flora stood bewildered; then, after a few moments, and idea struck her; and she said, in a hesitating, half frightened tone—

"Then perhaps—— Was it Lady Heatherbloom?"

"Was it you, Cordelia?" questioned the Earl, turning to the Countess.

Lady Heatherbloom burst out laughing in a wild sort of way.

"I?" she said. "When have I ever had fifty pounds to spare since I was married?"

This was an answer which the Earl understood; Lady Heatherbloom had always considered that she had too little money to spend.

Certainly, when he gave a second thought to it, it was the most unlikely thing in the world that Lady Heatherbloom would secretly give away any money, especially to Flora, who was kept well supplied by himself.

Lady Heatherbloom stepped forward, cleared a space on a couch among a cloud-like mass of dress materials and then sat down.

She put her lace handkerchief to her lips for a moment; when she took it away, her mouth seemed to have grown hard and rigid.

"This is absurd!" she said to Lord Heatherbloom. "The story she tells has no sense in it. If you have not scattered fifty-pound notes about this room, where then have they come from?"

Flora looked in amazement from one to the other; she began to tremble. Lord Heatherbloom saw this, and addressed her abruptly.

As he spoke he drew out his pocket-book and taking something from it, held it towards her.

"Do you recognise this?" he said. "It is a very little thing—a rose from your dress; but it betrayed you; I see you recognise it. This is one of the roses George gave you on the evening of that day when the Heatherbloom diamonds were stolen. This rose was found in the safe from which the diamonds had been taken."

"Who found it there?" cried Flora.

"I did," answered Lord Heatherbloom quickly.

"I lost it," said Flora; "but I did not know where."

"Well, you know now!"

He deliberately put the rose back into its place of safety. Something in the tone of his voice roused Flora.

"Why do you keep it like that?" she exclaimed. "What do you mean? How has it betrayed me? How——"

"Hush—hush!" said Lord Heatherbloom. "Cannot you guess why I sent the police away, why I refused to go on with the investigation? I wanted no scandal; I do not want it now. Do not raise your voice. The servants need know nothing—no one but ourselves shall know—except George."

Flora stood quite still, looking fixedly at him as he spoke. When he had ceased she said, in a very low and trembling voice—

"You cannot—cannot mean—that you think I took the diamonds?"

"What else can I think? You cannot deny it."

"But I do absolutely! It is false, utterly false! Even were I a hardened thief, instead of the child of your cousin, with the blood of your family in my veins, how could I steal from my best friend, from my benefactor?"

"If it were not to take those diamonds away, why did you leave the house at four o'clock in the morning, when they were stolen?"

"Leave the house at four o'clock in the morning?" repeated Flora. "I never did so."

"You did—on that night. At daybreak you slipped out of the house, wrapped in your long grey cloak; and you returned about an hour later. Why did you do this?"

"I did not do it."

"That is untrue," said Lord Heatherbloom; "you were seen."

Flora turned a white terrified face towards him.

"I was seen!" she repeated dazedly.

"Now," continued Lord Heatherbloom, "all I ask of you is that you will tell me how to recover the diamonds. I will not expose you in doing so: you need not tell me now; you can write to me. I am sure, when you come to think of it, that you will see I am acting mercifully, and that you owe it to me to confess all and enable me to recover the jewels."

Flora had sunk down upon a chair; she sat now and gazed at him like one stupefied making no reply. Something in this gaze touched Lord Heatherbloom; he added more gently:

"Do not be frightened, you shall suffer as little as possible for your wicked folly. No one shall know of it but George, and I will tell him myself."

He opened the door as he spoke. Flora sprang up and rushed after him.

"You will tell George? You cannot, you dare not tell George. No, no, you shall not!"

"I shall," said the Earl; "because I must."

Flora staggered back and looked despairingly at Lady Heatherbloom.

"Oh, you are cruel to me!" she cried. "I cannot bear it——"

At this moment a knock at the front door sounded through the house. It was a characteristic knock—one that they all knew well."

"There is George!" exclaimed Flora. "Oh let me go to him!"

Lord Heatherbloom shut the door and placed himself in front of it.

"No," he said, "you can never see George again, that is impossible!"

In spite of all her shyness, there was a tremendous excitability in Flora's nature; she flung herself upon her knees at Lord Heatherbloom's feet; she poured out a torrent of incoherent sentences; she clung to him and would not let him go.

Her eyes were dry, yet she sobbed passionately; it was impossible to speak to her, for her own sobbing entreaties drowned all other sounds.

Lady Heatherbloom rose, sprang to the door, opened it with a quick, violent action, for Lord Heatherbloom was still leaning against it, and she had to push against his weight—and escaped from the room.

A moment later, and he too was gone. How he got free from Flora's clinging hands he could not have told himself, for he did not know; but he could not bear the sight of her white face or the sound of her agonized voice.

He flung her off, hardly knowing that he did it; and, shutting the door quickly behind him, fastened a bolt which was on the outside.

Then he stood still for a while and listened—there was no sound; an awful silence, as it seemed to him, reigned in the room which he had just left. With a shudder, he roused himself and walked away down the corridor.

He had to pass Lady Heatherbloom's room. He eyed the door of her dressing-room as if there were something hateful about it.

Away from Flora's lovely face and sweet eyes, he did not feel himself so arrant a coward; he looked very gloomy indeed, but also very determined, when he went down the stairs to the morning-room, where he knew George was.

George was not alone; Lady Heatherbloom was there, sitting in a low chair and holding her lace handkerchief to her lips.

"Come with me into my study," said Lord Heatherbloom. "I have something to say to you, George."

Wondering but obedient, George followed his brother into his sanctum. When they had entered, Lord Heatherbloom shut and locked the door.

"Now," he said, "I have to perform the most difficult task that ever fell to my lot. I have to destroy your faith in a woman who seems so perfect that any man might be forgiven for believing in her, in spite of all evidence."

"Whom do you mean?" said George quickly.

"Your heart is given to one woman; I don't wonder——"

"Are you talking of Flora?" interrupted George.

"Yes, I am sorry to say I am talking of Flora."

"Then say what you have to say quickly, Heatherbloom—I can see it is unpleasant; remember, I have very little patience."

Instead of responding to this appeal, Lord Heatherbloom went to his accustomed chair sat down in it, and relapsed into silence. George bore this as best he might for a few minutes; then he burst forth—

"I say, Heatherbloom, have a little pity on a man! The truth cannot be so bad as what I'm trying to imagine all this long while."

Lord Heatherbloom looked round. George noticed how worn his face seemed to have grown all of a sudden.

"I hesitate to tell you the truth," he said, "because it is so bad that I feel you will not believe it."

"Out with it in two words," cried George, "and give me a chance to deny it."

"You know, as does the rest of the world that the Heatherbloom diamonds have been stolen."

"Yes, I know that," answered George impatiently.

"I stopped the investigations and sent the police out of the house because proof began to pile upon proof, and all pointed to one person as having taken those diamonds and that person is Flora."

George started, then recovered himself by an effort.

"Oh, you are talking ridiculous!" he said. "The idea of Flora stealing anything! She might have got tired of me, and been pleased by the attentions of some better-looking fellow; that I do live in dread of, because she is so lovely, yet I believe her heart is as true as her face is beautiful; but steal anything? Why, you might be talking of one of the housemaids!"

"No," rejoined Lord Heatherbloom, "none of them would have the courage to touch those diamonds unless they were thieves of a very superior sort. The prize and the danger would both be too great. Flora, I have no doubt, was tempted by the thought that some day or other these diamonds might belong to her or to her children. That would, to an ignorant mind, make the theft seem less; and I know she has been growing ashamed of her poverty lately; she might delude herself into fancying she was only borrowing of the future."

He concluded with a heavy sigh. George began to walk up and down the room; and he continued to do this unceasingly until the end of the conversation.

"Now," he said, as his brother had said to Lady Heatherbloom not long ago, "Instead of theories, give me facts, or what you think are the facts."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BEAUTIFUL CASKET.—Says a Southern paper: "The following advertisement appeared in a recent paper: 'To any one sending us twenty-five cents, a beautiful casket will be sent, containing 100 useful articles with which a fortune can be made at home.' A number of enterprising ladies of a certain town caught at the alluring hope, and at once indulged in dreams of sudden and great wealth. As rapidly as the mails could convey it, the desired sum was poured in the coffers of the advertiser from day to day. The curiosity of the ladies in the meantime was on their very tiptoe, and, on meeting, Mrs. M. would ask Mrs. S.: 'Do you think our caskets will come by express? I wonder how large they will be?' Mrs. S. replying, 'Of course, by express, they will be too large for the mail.' At last the happy day came, and to the joy of all, the beautiful caskets, two inches square, containing four papers of needles (twenty-five in each paper) making the 100 articles, were received, with a notice inside, which read: 'Any woman unwilling to make a fortune by such means does not deserve a fortune.'"

ALL the little vexations of life have their use as a part of our moral discipline. They afford the best trial of character.

Bric-a-Brac.

SCALPING.—The practice of scalping is not a monopoly of the American aborigines. In his 'Recent Origin of Man,' Southall quotes from Herodotus to show that the Scythians used to scalp their fallen enemies. In the present time the wild tribes of northeastern Bengal use the scalping knife.

KISSING.—As a sign of affection, kissing was unknown to the Australians, the New Zealanders, the Papuans, the Esquimaux and other races. The Polynesians and the Malays always sit down when speaking to a superior. The inhabitants of Mallicolo, an island in the Pacific Ocean, show their admiration by kissing; the Esquimaux pull a person's nose as a compliment; a Chinaman puts on his hat where we should take it off.

THE POLAR BEAR.—The reputed ferocity of the polar bear is in great part mythical. On the contrary, the polar bear is a good runner and once on the ice it is safe. Unlike its congeners, it does not hug, but bites; and it will not eat its prey if it is dead, playing with it like a cat with a mouse. I have known several men, who, while sitting watching or skinning seals, have had its rough hand laid on their shoulder. Their only chance then has been to feign being dead, and manage to shoot it while the bear was sitting at a distance watching its intended victim. Though Eskimo are often seen who have been scared by it, yet we repeat that, unless attacked or rendered fierce by hunger, it rarely attacks man.

MAKING PAPER.—The art of making paper from wood originated long before man ever dreamed of it. On a drowsy summer's day the wasp alights on some-body's front fence and stows away in his hind leg all the loose fibre he can gather. This he mixes with saliva and forms into a substantial paper covering for his nest. The male wasps usually die in the Winter, and the females, hibernating in some warm, sheltered nook come out with the sunshine and become the mothers of new broods. Wasps secrete themselves in leaves, pounce upon the young bees that come out to gather honey, kill them, and carry them home to feed their larvæ. The wasp also kills for the same purpose spiders and caterpillars.

WHAT TALK DID.—A well-to-do citizen of Windham county, Conn., shortly before his decease, sent for a lawyer to make his will. His wife and daughter watched proceedings. After generously providing for them, the sick man directed the lawyer to designate $500 to his aged sister, who was needy. The wife and daughter remonstrated angrily. Quietly the sick man said: "Make it $1000 for my sister." Another protest from the grasping pair. "Make it $1500, squire," coolly said the legator. "You shall not!" shouted the women. "Make it $2000," said the will-maker, serenely, and here the ladies concluded to hold their tongues. The lawyer kept the secret for years, but gradually it leaked out as a warning to the selfish of all classes and sexes.

FALSE TEETH.—The use of artificial teeth is not so modern as is generally believed. In the museum of Corneto, on the coast of Italy, there are two curious specimens of artificial teeth found in Etruscan tombs probably dating to four or five centuries before our era. These graves contained the bodies of two young girls. On the jaw of one is still to be seen two incisors fixed to their neighbors by small gold rings; in the other the rings remained, but the artificial teeth had fallen out. The teeth carefully cut, had evidently been taken from the mouth of some large animal. The dentist's art among the ancients was not confined to drawing teeth and replacing them by artificial ones, for natural teeth have been found which have evidently been treated in various ways.

FROGS DROWNING TOADS.—A gentleman in passing a pond not long since, witnessed a singular scene which he describes as follows: Around the margin of the pond, in the winter, was a large collection of common toads; close beside them was an equally large gathering of bullfrogs, and a battle between the two was in progress. The frogs, being the most powerful, were busily engaged in drowning the toads. One or more of the frogs would seize a toad and hold his head under water until he was drowned. Sometimes a frog would find he was overmatched, and then he would utter a peculiar sound, when one or more of his comrades would come to his aid, and the toad was sure to go under never to rise again. This battle continued for several minutes until the toads were completely "cleaned out," when the frogs joined in one triumphal croak.

ETIQUETTE IN A MOSQUE.—"On going into the mosque," says a traveler, "they made us put on very large red cloth slippers, which caused us to slip about in the most absurd manner, and I could but laugh to think what grotesque figures we must have looked in them. Still, they do allow Christians to enter, thus showing a very different state of things from what it was even at the beginning of this century, when Christians were rigorously excluded, except as in the mosque at Tunis, where a Christian workman was allowed to enter on all-fours, to repair the clock, 'because,' as the Sheik said to his co-religionists who objected, 'in case of repairs, is it not true, O true believers, that a donkey enters this holy place carrying stones on his back; and is it not true that one who does not believe in the true religion is an ass and the son of an ass? Therefore, O brothers, let this man go in as a donkey.'"

DEATH IN LIFE.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

It is the night that weeps—it is not I.
The rain plashed on my pallid cheek and seemed
Like mine own tears; but weeping time's gone by;
Dry-eyed I wake from the sweet dream I dream'd.

It is the wind that sighs—it is not I.
Though low I crouch, with ashes on my head,
My breath comes slow—too cold to moan or sigh;
The living only grieve, but not the dead.

It is the sea that sobs—it is not I—
Wailing and sobbing on the misty shore,
Like some wild living thing in agony
That strains towards unreached joy for evermore.

Alas, 'tis only Life that weeps and sighs—
Life with quick fears and speechless hope still fed!
Death cannot hope or fear, or ever rise
From out its thrice-sealed grave—and I am dead!

THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

AUTHORESS OF "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI—(CONTINUED.)

WITH curious shrinking, she put the memory away, and fell next to wondering over the young couple opposite to her.

Was it happiness beyond all words to be so far from alone as every glance and movement showed this husband and wife to be? What could it feel like to be wholly loved by one you wholly loved—to know there could be no mistrust, no disappointment, no separation — to know that never could either doubt?

Though there was no taint of jealousy in the girl's thought, she was positively grateful when Miss Beton roused her and told her their journey was at an end.

"Don't you think, Miss Glenorris, we had better walk in pursuit of that church? Or would an omnibus be unpleasant to you? I know how to go for the City."

Miss Beton spoke a little dispiritedly as they left the great Liverpool Street terminus, because she was afraid of any expense, fearing Joy would not easily let her pay.

"But won't a cab take us?" inquired Joy surprised, for she had not gained the elder lady's grievous wisdom with regard to cabs.

"Oh, yes, it will take us! But—— Well I had better speak to the man first."

And Miss Beton hurried off, not simply to arrange their destination, but to pay the fare beforehand; and, but of consideration for her gentle bearing, she was let off with very little in excess of double care.

"My dear Miss Glenorris," she observed in a surprised tone as they drove off, "the driver has no idea of any wedding taking place in the City to-day, yet cabmen, as a rule, are so wide awake. I have therefore," she added fraudulently, "conversed with him to no purpose. He also tells me—but I decline to accept it on his word alone, though he is a sober-looking, steady man—that there are more than twenty churches squeezed about pretty near St. Paul's. I told him to put us down as near as he could to them all."

"Oh, Miss Beton," laughed Joy, "did he say he would?"

"Well, not exactly. He considered the matter over very carefully, and decided to put us down at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard."

"Thank you. How good and patient you are!"

"I think, my dear, he fancies we want to forbid the banns. Doesn't his present pace give you that idea? It makes me a little nervous in these very crowded parts. Shall I speak to him?"—for Miss Beton had no dread of a cabman's retort, she being one of those women who invariably receive politeness, whatever deception may be practiced upon them.

"Oh, no," smiled Joy; "it is well to hasten, and I have such unbounded confidence in cab-drivers!"

"In all drivers, I fear," said Miss Beton, shaking her head. "I saw you that day in Torquay, when the drums frightened your horses and they ran away. You sat quite still till Mr. Lester crossed to the horses, and then you only started for a moment; but you certainly did grow awfully white!"

"When I was in London with Rachel, Miss Beton," said Joy, with no appearance of any effort in turning the conversation, "we had some really odd experiences with cabs. I remember one day driving out here to St. Paul's, and we were nearly two hours in the Cathedral, never having seen it. We were walking away, going to have some luncheon, when it began to rain, and I found I had lost my umbrella.

"Rachel called the first empty cab, and, when I got in, there was my umbrella exactly where I must have propped it. I don't think I should have believed but for my name being on the plate. Oh, Miss Beton, you would have laughed if you had seen the driver's face when I calmly added to his payment the two hours he had been either unemployed or carrying such honest people!"

"That little experience of town was before you took possession of Merlswood?"

"Yes; I thought I ought to know something of where people of rank went every year, before I became a person of rank myself, and mixed with those who would know so much of it. So I tried; but, when I had learned all I possibly could, I found mine a very different kind of knowledge from theirs."

"Poor child!" said Miss Beton impulsively. "But did you not know London at all before?"

"A little—and dimly—but not as I knew the Continent, and Adelaide, and some parts of Scotland—— Oh, is this where we stop?"

When they had left the cab, and Joy had been rescued from paying the fare again, and had laughingly taken Miss Beton's purse into her own keeping, they crossed southward at once, the elder lady assuming an air of consummate familiarity with the by-ways, and not dropping it until she felt quite sure they had gone beyond reach of their driver's possibly observant eye.

"Even if we saw a policeman," she said, "we should not know what to ask for, and, if we did, he would only tell us to take the first turning to the right, then the second to the left, the third to the right, and the fourth to the left again—they always do—and no poor human memory could hold it."

"I think we can ask for the nearest church—to begin with," smiled Joy.

And so they did, and went to find it among towering buildings that lined their unfamiliar way.

"Do you notice, Miss Beton," the girl asked, wondering, "how small we feel among these lofty places only men have built, and yet never so in the very grandest scenes of Nature, whose Creator is ours? Do our hearts grow bigger in the vast solitudes His hand alone has touched?"

"Yes, dear," said Miss Beton absently. "There's a church!"

It was locked; but a man in an apron lounging in a doorway near assured them drily there had been no wedding there within his memory.

He also directed them to the next church which they found open, and entered, but saw no sign of recent festivities, and no one was at hand to be questioned.

In the next there were people to be questioned, but no information to be won from them; and, as Joy turned away, a smile broke on her lips.

"I remember coming with Rachel to a service here one evening," she said, "and there were five people besides ourselves, and four were asleep. The preacher was an old man, and he slowly read a sermon from an old book he held very near his eyes, so that I studied the well-worn cover. Don't look shocked! I feel perfectly sure they were his own sermons, for he was old enough to have published that book in his youth, and I think they had grown old together. Would you really have written a fresh one for four people asleep and only three awake?"

As she spoke, they turned into a narrow lane of warehouses, through which, declared Miss Beton, they passed in positive peril of death, among huge bales and boxes descending and ascending.

But, following directions they received, they left it for another, where the silence was a little startling after the incessant grinding of machinery, and where presently they came upon a church they scarcely should have noticed if they had not been upon this quest.

"It ought to be out in the world doing its duty among the thousands of thirsting souls who want it," declared Miss Beton, as they passed through the iron gate, "instead of standing stifled here, useless and unnoticed among empty buildings and on untrodden flags. My dear, what a smell of moss, or—is it graves?"

Joy's first thought about the church was the same as her companion's; but it died suddenly when they entered the building. Yet it was such a little thing that had changed her!

Only one solitary figure leaning there with hidden face in the holy calm of this forgotten House of God, touched by a ray of light, tender and blue as the far heaven beyond the City smoke.

"Praying!" the girl whispered, with a great throb of penitence for that last hard thought of the uselessness of the large church.

"Sleeping," Miss Beton corrected, below her breath.

"And even if so," said Joy quite gently, as then was silent, feeling what she could not say, that even sleep perhaps here might be the pitying and consoling touch of Him who knows so well that cares press heavily and hope itself dies early in this narrow city of man's making.

Treading softly, Miss Beton passed up the aisle, looking about her, then came back to Joy, her eyes very round in her excitement.

"Miss Glenorris," she said, in so low a whisper that Joy scarce could hear, "it is—Catherine!"

Even so suddenly announced, there was no need of explanation for Joy Glenorris. She was always so alert and anxious to hear of the man who had condemned Gervys Lester by his unrepeated evidence that she had no need to be reminded of any matter or name relating to him.

She understood in a moment that Miss Beton had recognized her late servant—wife of the man who had vainly wooed her mistress.

"It is Catherine!" repeated Miss Beton, in impressive though suppressed tones. "I know it is, I'm sure!"

"Oh, Miss Beton!" cried Joy, with a beautiful glad light in her eyes.

Then she could say no more because her gratitude was so deep, but Miss Beton put only one motive upon the silence, and moved towards the door.

"Now, my dear," she said seriously, when they were outside, "let us consider what is wisest to do. Perhaps I only had better be seen by her. If she knows anything of her husband's sins—which I don't think she does"—Miss Beton said this with confidence knowing nothing of the revengeful letter her late maid had sent to Mrs. Pardy—"she will probably be silenced by your presence. I shall certainly not allow her to know that the open verdict of the coroner's jury left any shadow whatever on Mr. Lester's name."

"Will you not take her somewhere and learn all you can? Oh, Miss Beton, so much depends on this!"

"Possibly, my dear," was the rather dubious reply. "But I really fear that it signifies little unless Mr. Lester returns."

"Oh, we must leave no means untried! Step by step we must follow every chance, even if the last step cannot be taken because it is—his return."

"Certainly," Miss Beton answered, not quite comprehending, but aware that her last words had made Joy's cheeks as white as they had been at Ravenstor two nights before. Oh, certainly! Where will you stay while I am with her? I suppose I had better seem rather pleased to see her, and then—— I know!"—with sudden spirit. "I'll take her to have something to eat; she is sure to be hungry with that creature for a husband. Of course I will learn all I can; and where shall I find you afterwards?"

"While you go back, I will wait out here," said Joy, the flush slowly returning, "then I will go into the church. But don't think of me. Don't hasten back because I am waiting for you! Oh, please find out, if you can, where that man is to be found!"

"But, my dear, we can't—can we?—have him taken up just for having gone abroad when we wanted him here, or for marrying my maid?"

"Miss Beton," said the girl gravely, "that man could not live without deceiving and defrauding, and he must know that he is in danger; or why does he assume disguise and pretend to be abroad?"

"Yes, it does look as if he were—uncertain. Don't be in sight when I bring her, or it may put her on her guard."

"Oh, no! Learn all you can."

"But I have so very little — cleverness."

Joy's smile was the sweetest of contradictions, and Miss Beton passed quite hopefully back into the church, to emerge in a very few minutes with her late maid at her side; but Joy could not see the face of either of them.

Then the girl re-entered the church, and, in its hallowed quietness, fell upon her knees; yet her mind could not form, nor her lips frame, any distinct prayer.

It had not seemed long when Miss Beton returned with a beaming visage.

"My dear," she whispered, "I must speak a word or two here because I'm going back. I made her lunch—abundantly—and then I said, 'Oh, dear, dear, I've left my purse in the church!'—for aren't you kindly carrying it in the pocket of your muff? And I was not obliged to tell her I had money in an under-pocket.

"Do you see, Miss Glenorris? She will stay for me rather than have to pay, so it is all safe. I've gained every information, and I'm really very sorry for her. He has spent all her savings and her grandfather's legacy and she says she would be grateful to be back with me. Oh, my dear, he is a deceiver! And for him to have tried to teach me to mistrust steel-colored eyes and barley sugar hair, while he was—— She did cry so!"

"You think she tells you the truth, Miss Beton?"

They had left the church now, and stood in the railed enclosure half surrounding it.

"My dear, no one could doubt who heard her; at least, I think not. She could not cry about it if she invented it."

"Perhaps not," said Joy thoughtfully. "May I know everything she has told about him?"

"He sent for her up from the country, and then he wouldn't give her any money," said Miss Beton, the words hurrying nervously into each other.

"He told her he was going abroad. She is quite sure he is afraid of being recognized for she says I shouldn't know him, and she says most probably she shall not, if she meets him again."

"If!" cried the girl. "Is there any doubt about it? Does she not know where he is?"

The elder lady smiled, with a little excusable gratification at finding it was the younger one's turn to be flurried now.

"No; she does not indeed. Last time she saw him he had splendid offices in Westminster, and pretended to be a company and a philanthropist. He reclined in a great wheeled chair, with a man in livery to wheel it, and gracefully and patiently told every one he was unable to rise from it, or, as Catherine says, to rise up, and she says he looked like an apostle with soft white hair, and dressed in a splendid silk dressing-gown and cap to match; and she is sure that next time she sees him he will be something else. Of course I should not know him."

"I believe I should," said Joy, remembering how readily she recognized her step-father's old servant in the passing train. "Then they did not go to America, as the letter and telegraph said?"

"No; he has been here in the midst of frauds ever since—and before. But he goes abroad to-morrow. He sails from Plymouth and is now in Devonshire with Mr. Pardy. He goes by another name I think now—Gordon."

"You are sure? You feel that she tells you the truth?" asked Joy wistfully, ashamed of her irrepressible suspicion in presence of her friend's credence.

"What motive should she have to deceive me? Poor thing! She would be glad, I verily believe, to see him hanged! Now what had we better do? Send for Mr. Johnson?"

"Oh, no! I will, I will think, if you will return to her again. Don't let her escape you, will you, will you, dear Miss Beton?"

"But you cannot be kept here all the time," urged Miss Beton, suddenly thoughtful for the girl."

"Oh, never mind me, please! I like it. I think so. You will find me here when you want me; but don't hurry because of that. No rest, or even enjoyment, I could take would compensate me for missing this clue. Please understand that, and, afterwards I will do just whatever you wish."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LEFT alone again Joy's thoughts grew once more heavy with the fear that Wellings's wife was blinding the woman whom she knew he had deceived, and who she knew could not be his friend.

"Who can help us?" she cried in her sad heart. "Who can help us now?"

And then, quite naturally, her thoughts turned to Mr. Johnson. Of his prompt service, if in any way he could serve her, she felt gratefully assured.

Then it dawned upon her that she could ascertain from him whether one part of the woman's statement were correct, and by the truth or falsehood of the whole. Mr. Johnson would have returned to Merlswood yesterday, and she could ask him by telegram, whether Mr. Pardy had a friend named Gordon, or otherwise, staying with him; and then——

But, until she had that question answered she need decide no further, and this very knowledge was a rest to her.

That Norman Pardy was living now at Merlswood she had no doubt at all; and indeed she was fully convinced that Miss Beton's silence on this one subject was only the consequence of her determination not to mention the old home for fear of paining her.

She walked swiftly from the lane and took a cab at the corner, merely directing the cab-driver to the nearest telegraph-office.

When there, she filled in her form thoughtfully, and went forward to give it to the clerk; but, as she wished to ask him how soon she should return for a reply, for which she wished to pay, she waited until he should be quite disengaged. While she stood in a preoccupied patient way, a City messenger hurried in, and, not fancying the girl's attitude or appearance betokened much business haste, thrust before hers the message he had brought, written on an open sheet of note-paper instead of a printed form.

She stood abstractedly waiting for the busy clerk's attention, and wondered in an idle way why the professional messenger opposite to her should have pushed his paper forward almost to cover hers. She looked down at it, as her thoughts rested on it, and suddenly some curious shame, humiliated feeling made her heart appear to stand still.

She was all the time looking at the paper before her, and suddenly she read in that same peculiar handwriting—"My heart's solace——"

She saw the words so distinctly in that unforgotten writing that it was as if one moment's flash of sunlight had revealed them.

"My heart's solace."

Yes, this was the same old handwriting in which she had read those words and others to Miss Beton when the man who wrote thus laid his worthless life at her feet. She stood as still as if she had been carved in marble and the beats at her side were the strokes of the sculptor's chisel.

But as she stood—in the same dreamy inattentive attitude—she read slowly, thoughtfully, fatally, every word that had been written for this messenger to bring.

"Smith to Norman Pardy Esq Middle Temple Yours received Plans suit and I cross in the *Swallow* this afternoon."

Without moving even her head, Joy mastered these two lines; then she carelessly, as it were, took back her own filled-in form, looked indifferently into the face of the man in uniform who waited with his, and, calmly saying, "I have an alteration to make in mine," turned away.

She had no need to send her telegram now; but she waited until she had re-entered her waiting cab before she tore it up.

"Where to, miss?" the driver asked, seeing her apparently oblivious of his presence at the door.

"Scotland Yard."

From there she sent the cab back to the church, with a line for Miss Beton, begging her to return in the same cab. Joy never could clearly recollect for whom she asked, or what she said, when she so fearlessly entered that unknown building of which she had heard so often in her late sad experience. Before her interview with the surprised chief officer was over, Miss Beton was ushered in to join her.

"She had gone, Miss Glenorris! The woman had disappeared when I returned!" she said, with quite a beetle color and angry tears in her eyes. "Could any one—any one—have suspected such a thing?"

To Joy's relief, some one else informed Miss Beton of what she had come to tell the police, and in time the elder lady gasped and held the facts as clearly as Joy did.

The *Swallow* was to sail that afternoon at three for Ostend from St. Katherine's Wharf, as the police easily discovered; and, though there was much hesitation in the minds of the men in office, they saw little chance of detecting the man unless Miss Glenorris could be with them.

He had never been photographed, and there was no knowing what disguise he might assume—or whether none. Indeed, when she had explained the extent of her knowledge, they saw but little prospect even of her recognizing him; but any chance must be made the most of. Their greater doubt, but this they did not mention, was of his appearing at all.

As De Mortimor there was an old warrant out against him; and, when they heard Joy's story, they surmised there were other quarters in which he was wanted.

It was decided that there was no time for the ladies to lunch. They must drive at once to the Docks, which only Miss Glenorris would enter, Miss Beton driving away in the cab, for fear lest, if Mortimor should see her, he might decide upon a change of action.

Another cab followed theirs, containing two gentlemanly men in plain clothes, who would join Miss Glenorris at the entrance to the wharf. At the suggestion of one of the officers she stopped on her way to buy a thick veil, through which her own features would not be recognizable, though she would plainly be able to see others.

"But," she said rather despairingly to Miss Beton, as they went swiftly through the streets, so busy in their mid-day aspect, "what matter how distinctly I see, if he is so disguised that he is a stranger to me? And the officers don't think he will be there at all I fear."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Miss Beton lamely. "It is a very awkward position for you—so unlike anything you've been accustomed to, my poor child!"

"But ought not you to be glad I've not been accustomed to the police?"

"Oh, don't try to laugh, my dear! That's worse than anything!"

The girl looked back bravely when she left the cab, then went away with the two gentlemanly men, who might easily have been acquaintances, so at home and at ease they looked with her.

"Yet how can I judge what she looks like," thought Miss Beton, "through that ridiculous veil?"

But the poor lady pulled her own ample veil all the more closely over her face.

The *Swallow* was lying alongside, ready to sail, Joy thought, knowing nothing of how long a steamer seems to be ready to sail before it is so.

She and her two companions went on board at once, the girl who knew nothing of the secret machinery at work, puzzled exceedingly by the fact of her presence being of so little importance, and no inquiry being made for her ticket or luggage. Her companions stood with her in an easy natural attitude just beyond the gangway, a little aside, so that they were in no one's way, yet where every one who came on board must needs pass close to them. They seemed to be conversing in a quiet quizzical way as they watched the little eccentricities of the arriving passengers—the men's eyes shrewd and quick and catchful, though seemingly indifferent; the girl's very anxious behind her disguising veil, yet steadfast too.

People took them for travelers to whom sea-sickness was unknown, and to whom the route was so familiar that there was no interest for them in the preparation for the voyage—travelers who, being bored, took a pleasant idle interest in any little passing spectacle, and knew how to while away the tedious half-hour before starting.

The passengers did not come very thickly on board, and presently there was a distinct slackening in the slow stream. But, just at the hour named for sailing, there came a little fresh spurt, four passengers hurrying, as if in fear of the vessel leaving without them.

Joy, in the same steady yet alert way, watched each of these late comers crossing the bridge. The first was an old gentleman, very short and very spare; the next a young girl who evidently belonged to him, with a large knitted hood tied over her soft hat. The next was a tall clean-faced young private, with a closely-cropped red head, and the next a widow lady of middle-age, protected even more than was the girl against the Channel winds, for she had a splendid plaid wrapped round her neck and shoulders. Her long conventional veil hung over her face, and her long black skirts trailed behind her in a rather imposing but unusual manner.

The crape veil was conventionally thick, yet Joy saw behind it a prominent, rather handsome nose, and a firm and quite handsome chin. As this last passenger came up to the little uninterested group, Joy took a step forward, and even her companions, always prepared as was their wont, were taken by surprise to hear her speak out so very suddenly, and in such clear prompt pleasant tones—

"Wellings, I'm so glad to see you!"

The widow's start was unmistakable even to others besides the men who were so keenly watching; and, after that, it was most fatally too late for him to undo what that moment of unsuspiciousness had accomplished. The sudden call upon his old real name, unconnected as it was with any of the frauds which were the foundation of all his fear, had done its work; and the result was all the officers would have dared to hope for, had the plan been their own. The first word had taken the man by most unfeigned surprise; and through that prompt greeting—in the young voice not heard for years—he had been utterly off his guard. And now it was too late to feign unconsciousness, though he did that cleverly too. It was too late, after that start and pause which had cut through all disguise.

* * * * * *

"Miss Glenorris, I would warn you that you are unwise in getting me arrested for any purpose of your own, be it what it may for"—the man in his degrading disguise had turned aside to speak low and meaningly to the girl—"you can guess that I will tell what I like now of your past life."

"Yes," she said, looking bravely and steadily at him, "I wish it told."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AND to think I should have looked for his pointed beard! His pointed beard, of all things! And you recognized him by his chin, my dear? I can't get over that."

"Yes; I recognized it in a moment. I remember how I used to give that clever chin the credit of the power Wellings possessed over my step-father. I used to laugh over the dear old father's meek submission to his servant; and he would laugh too, and declare he couldn't help it. I'm sure he couldn't; and it was all the chin."

"But, my dear, what was that threat of his which one of the detectives was asking about before we drove away?"

Miss Beton and Joy were driving alone from the docks back to their hotel, for they had no option but to remain in town another night.

"This man—Mortimor, as you know him, Miss Beton—threatens to tell what he knows of my past life. There is—there are some things I have kept secret; but I have no fear of him, and I told him so. Of anything he can tell, the fault is all mine." The girl spoke quietly, but her companion had never heard her voice stirred quite as it was that minute. "So this man may tell what he knows; or it is perhaps only what he suspects."

"He won't," asserted Miss Beton, with a most unnatural assumption of indifference. "All that he wants—or ever wanted—is money. If you—if anybody doesn't offer him money for telling, he won't tell."

"But, if I will not offer him money for not telling, he will tell."

"Not unless someone else has offered it, I think. He will choose to keep his—whatever he pretends to know—on the chance of presently finding it worth money. He won't part with anything gratuitously, my dear; so don't you fear. Don't you hope"—with a liveliness feigned not wholly with success.

"That is what the detective said, Miss Beton."

"Besides, there is nothing he can know of you wrong enough for him to extort money upon."

"You judge me so kindly that you don't guess what I deserve."

"I'm glad," said Miss Beton, quickly interposing, "that there are men who will arrest villains, independent of you or me, who might be weak enough to let them off. Is this man to stand his trial for perjury?"

"Unless," said the girl, struggling with a weight of thought, "Mr. Johnson or Mr. Redby can obtain a written account—which will be legal—of his falsehoods. As he will be tried for other things, that is all we want. I am going now to write to Mr. Johnson. He is so kind that he will arrange this, and see Mr. Redby himself."

"Certainly. And, my dear, even if this causes your address to be known, you must recollect what Mr. Johnson said. Ravenstor is your own, and you have a perfect right to decline to be intruded upon—if such is your wish. You may be as private as if you kept your secret." For Miss Beton knew nothing of the detective skill of that agreeable lady who had cultivated her acquaintance in Devon and was not one to remain long in ignorance of her even temporary whereabouts. "But I am trusting that you will come home with me, my dear."

"Oh, no, Miss Beton; though it is most kind of you to ask me, meaning it really, as you do! I couldn't—indeed I couldn't."

"I see, my dear. I will not press it," Miss Beton said, reading the deep earnestness of the sorrowful eyes; "and I need not go back myself, though indeed I came off very hurriedly, and my servant has no orders and no money."

"Then you must go, Miss Beton!" cried the girl promptly. "It was so kind of you to hasten to me that I shall never forget it as long as I live. But don't fear for me. Don't be anxious about me. I shall not be alone on my return, for Mr. Johnson promised that he would have sent a servant—or perhaps he would send two, as one might be lonely."

"Oh, one might be lonely there!" observed Miss Beton, drily.

"And he himself will come now and then," continued the girl, without detecting the uncharacteristic irony. "And I shall have your return to look forward to."

"Besides which——" Miss Beton began to speak, smiling rather tearfully into the beautiful brave eyes; but she suddenly changed both words and tone. "What is that sinner to be made to confess?"

"What he really saw and heard at the Moat that night," said Joy, not at all taken by surprise—"who arranged for him and his wife to go—to pretend to go abroad just at that particular time—who telegraphed to the coroner, and who incited his wife to write to you on that especial day. Or, if no one acted for him, he must confess his own motive. That is all that is needed, as that vow between the sisters is to be made public."

"Then you are not afraid of what he may divulge of Mr. Lester?"

"No—oh, no! No truth can do him harm."

"And you will run the risk of his making public any little private homely matters of your own?"

"I would risk all I have, and all I am, to clear Gervys Lester's name. But it is no—risk, Miss Beton."

"That is all well," was the answer, with a sigh of relief. "We see our way before us now, and I want that villain punished. I only want no one else to suffer."

"Miss Beton," said the girl presently, a bright, unwonted color burning in her cheeks, "I want to put a little advertisement—only just a message—for myself in some paper. Mr. Johnson said all the papers would tell of Jessie Porch's—promise."

"Will the *Times* do, dear," queried Miss Beton, with unnatural unconcern, "for we can drive by the offices?"

When they reached them, Joy went in alone, and, after penciling a couple of lines at a side-counter, handed the paper to a very fair and tired-looking young man. That this young man, after reading them, should glance into the girl's face was scarcely to be wondered at, for she seemed to have written merely an old couplet, with no words to introduce or follow it—

"Hurt not the heart
Whose Joy thou art!"

Evidently exercised in his mind, he asked her a question—perhaps only to detain her, perhaps really in the interests of literature.

"Is there to be a capital letter only to the second noun?"

"That is all," said the girl, without a smile; then silently paid him the four shillings he demanded and went away.

"And now," said Miss Beton, as they drove on, she asking no questions as to what Joy had written in the *Times* office, "what about that rather eccentric clergyman whom we failed to see this morning? We have no idea now where he is."

"No; but my letter shall await him. As soon as we get back to the hotel, I will write and ask him the question that I hoped to ask personally to-day."

And while she did so, Miss Beton wrote two letters, but far less ingenuously. And it was owing to these letters that she bore with apparent equanimity Joy's unalterable resolve to return to Ravenstor as home, and appeared even easy and comfortable about neglecting her own cottage. Most anxiously the girl had entreated her to go thither first; but Miss Beton was unpersuadable, and they returned together to Dartmoor.

There they found Mr. Johnson awaiting them with quite a cheery, welcome, and there also was a pleasant-looking housekeeper, whom Joy instantly recognized as Mr. Johnson's own, while under her was Miss Beton's own servant, who had locked up Rose Cottage and brought the keys with her, according to her mistress's written instructions. Mr. Johnson stayed long enough to assure them merrily how his life had at last been made happy by the departure of the Chicks from any house with which he had to do, in ever so remote a way.

"I feel at last," he said, "that I have not lived in vain. Now, Miss Glenorris, tell me your wish exactly with regard to that other scoundrel—not that I think him a greater one than Chick, whom yet, alas, I shall never see in chains at Princestown—then good-bye. I shall go straight to town, and will personally report on my return. We shall draw up a slight but conscientious explanation of the murder at the Moat, removing every possible shadow of blame from every living person, and have it inserted in all the important papers. I trust that it will bring us the return of Mr. Lester."

Early on the fourth day after his departure, Mr. Johnson returned with Mortimor's written and legalized statement. And he had quite a hearty laugh over the man's unwillingness to give it without making it remunerative, even in face of the trials awaiting him, and the possibility of further punishment through his resistance to this proposal.

By this written account Joy learnt that he had—as he had said at the inquest—in strolling past the Moat in the moonlight on the night of the murder, paused to listen to the younger Miss Porch crying in the verandah; that, while he stood, Mr. Lester left the cottage, and came up to him at the gate, just as Miss Porch re-entered the house. And here the first falsehood uttered at the inquest fitted in. Not in any way did Mr. Lester look changed from what he always was; and instead of passing Mortimor, he had addressed him, and they had conversed together. It was in answer to an appeal—not a threat—urged then by him that Mr. Lester had promised to post to him next day a certain sum of money on condition that he should, as soon as an opportunity offered, try a new career for himself in a new country, without previously forcing any interview on Miss Glenorris. He confessed that, while he talked to Mr. Lester, he had heard voices in the house, and that the one cry he had spoken of at the inquest had not reached him until some minutes after Mr. Lester had passed on towards the Glen Farm, and just as he himself, taking no notice of it, started for Eastmouth, which he must have reached at about eleven o'clock. He added that it was Mr. Norman Pardy who had suggested to him how he could, in a trifling way, alter this evidence, and who had made it profitable to him; also that it was Mr. Pardy who had made it advantageous to him to sail with his wife from England before the date of the adjourned inquest; that Mr. Pardy had himself dictated the telegram to the coroner and the letter his wife had sent to Miss Beton.

* * * * *

Barely an hour after Mr. Johnson had left the farm that day, Joy was told that a gentleman, who would give no name, waited to see her in the dining-room down-stairs. For a moment the strong hope in her heart made it seem to cease its beating; then the wild hope died, and her smile made Miss Beton look away hurriedly from the pale young face.

"Mr. Johnson must have sent us a message," Joy said, and went down, without allowing herself time to fill in the outlined idea she uttered.

Remembering the only time she had spoken to a guest in this unhomelike room, she shivered involuntarily as she entered it, but the next moment she was proudly still and self-possessed, for she found herself face to face with Norman Pardy. But he, in spite of his characteristic self-control, started visibly on her entrance, for she seemed to him wonderfully changed. Yet, though the young face looked sharpened in its delicacy, and even the eyes—as he thought just at first—had lost their brilliance, he was bent on winning now, as he had never been while the world held other love for him.

In a kind, glad way, which hid its patronage, he chid her for concealing herself from those who loved and sought her.

"We all want you, all pine for you, Miss Glenorris," he said. "Since you left us I have never ceased in my efforts to rescue you from loneliness. I have worked for one end only—to see you once more among your old friends and in your old position. I scarcely hoped that the joy of first discovering you would be mine—as it is—though I knew that mine was to be the joy of giving you what you had forfeited. I have come to bestow all you resigned to me—all that I had dreamed of sharing with you—all that I value only for your sake. 'Take it from my hands'"—as he spoke he held towards her his two open hands, and smiled with great gentleness. "Take all I own and all I am. Have I not been your most devoted servant, dear Miss Glenorris, since the first hour we met?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CASE OF WITCHCRAFT.—Towards the close of the seventeenth century, considerable excitement was created in the west of Scotland by a reported case of bewitchment. It appears that a girl, eleven years of age, named Christian Shaw, daughter of a gentleman, in Renfrewshire, gave out that she had been bewitched, and attributed certain hysterical convulsions and other symptoms which she experienced to the influence that was being exerted over her by her tormentors. For ten months she was said to have vomited at intervals egg shells, hair, bones, feathers, &c.; and though she had been visited by noblemen, clergymen, judges and physicians, no explanation of the phenomena appears to have been offered, and the case was left to the verdict of a superstitious mob, who declared that it was a clear case of bewitching, and called for the lives of the alleged offenders. Three men and four women—among the latter being a maid servant, who had given offence to Miss Shaw—were arrested, tried, and condemned to be hanged and burnt. The decision of the court is said to have received the cordial approval of the clergy; and as it was believed that the execution of the poor wretches would be a severe blow to the machinations of the enemy of mankind, the members of the presbytery were appointed to attend and see it properly carried out.

One of the women prisoners committed suicide in jail; but on the morning of June 10, 1697, the other six were marched to their doom in a central part of Paisley. They were first hanged for a short time, and then, probably before one of them was quite dead, cut down and cast upon a pile of peats saturated with tar, which, having been set fire to, burnt their bodies to ashes.

It is recorded that among the spectators of the horrible tragedy were "most of the nobility and gentry of the district."

Twenty-one years afterwards, Miss Shaw whose family had by that time become heartily ashamed of their connection with the miserable business recorded above, was married. She had become an expert spinner of flax, and when her husband died, in 1725, she sought to forget her troubles by assiduous application to her wheel.

COUNTING THE STARS.—The celebrated Russian General, Marshal Suwarof, was fond of practical jokes. He would go about his camp in disguise and amuse himself cracking jokes with the common soldiers. On one such occasion he met his match.

It was a freezing winter's night during the Bessarabian campaign of 1780, and the old marshal, visiting the Russian outposts incognito, after his wonted fashion, came suddenly upon a sentry posted on the crown of a steep ridge, and exposed to the full sweep of the biting January wind. The quick-eyed Russian at once recognized his commander, but, cleverly feigning unconsciousness, continued to pace up and down.

"Hello, brother!" cried Suwarof, assuming the tone and manner of a common soldier, "you seem to be having a good look at the stars; can you tell me how many there are of them?"

To his no small dismay the soldier coolly answered—

"Just hold on a minute, comrade, and I'll count them for you;" and forthwith he began, "one, two, three, four," and continued counting quite gravely up to a thousand.

At this point, the ready reckoner showed no signs of leaving off, the general, nearly frozen with standing so long in the cold, made a hasty retreat. The man was too much for him.

ACTIVITY.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

Where sleeps the soil untilled and waste,
There may the rank weed ceaseless reign;
If fertile fields neglected rest,
Ne'er can they blush with golden grain.

Both guilt and crime may thickly spread
When man's the prey of tardy sloth;
Like barren land, his bosom's dead
To all that fosters manly growth.

And thus we see in action lies
The law that wins success and worth;
The sluggard never gains the prize,
While busy hands possess the earth.

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER LXV.—[CONTINUED.]

"WHY, miss, ma'am," said Burton, "do you think I could ever forget about how you waited on me when I was lying wondering how soon I should be took away?"

"Don't talk about that, Burton," said Judith, "but listen. I want you to help me, and to keep your own counsel, to keep what I say to you a secret."

"You may trust me, miss, for that."

"Then, to be plain with you," said Judith glancing first at Sir Robert, as if for his endorsement of her plans, "I want you to help me in a delicate matter, and I trust to your manliness and honor to be perfectly silent."

"You may trust me, Miss Judith," said Burton again; and he changed color slightly as an uneasy feeling began to assail him.

"Of course you remember how suddenly Mr. Range went away?"

There was quite a pause before the keeper replied.

"Yes, miss, I remember that."

"I—my uncle, I am very uneasy about it. We have heard nothing about him since. Can you account for it?"

Sam Burton's countenance changed no more, but remained of the unhealthy white it had assumed at his severe illness, as he drew a slow long breath, and said, very calmly—

"No, no, miss; I cannot account for it."

"You don't think he was seized, or trapped, or waylaid in the woods, do you, by anyone who would rob him? You know he was very rich."

"Yes, miss; very rich and generous," said Burton, hoarsely.

"And you think he might have been waylaid as I said?"

"No, miss, I do not," said Burton, very firmly.

"Do you know anything about his disappearing?"

Burton paused again to steady his voice before saying, "No, miss. I don't know anything."

"We—I want to trace him, Burton; to find out whether he left here, or whether ——"

Judith could not finish. Her voice had been very firm and eager up to this point; now it trembled, and she became silent, standing with her hands clasped, and her piteous eyes fixed upon the keeper, as if he held her destiny and she were awaiting his judgment.

To a certain extent he did hold it, or thought he did; and, as he stood there, in a rapid judgment he asked himself again what it was his duty to do, holding up the scales before his mental vision, and carefully balancing each side.

On the one hand there was respect for genial, kindly Sir Robert, who all through his illness had come and chatted by his bedside about game and poachers and wild things, and his own adventures in the East; giving him, too, almost in opposition to Dr. Murray's orders, many a surreptitious pipe or cigar.

There, too, was Miss Judith, for whom he felt a kind of love and reverence as he recalled the soft touch of her little hand upon his brow in times of fever, and the gentle, womanly ways that had, in conjunction with Lady Fanshaw's, soothed his agony many a time and oft, hers being the more welcome since, in spite of the kindness, his mistress's presence brought with it a feeling of trouble that wearied him and kept him back.

Yes; he would do almost anything for Miss Judith; he would have fought for her as long as he could have raised his hand. He was ready to do anything for her own good.

On the other hand, there were his love and duty towards his master, whom he had served from a boy, and for whom and his parents his own father had worked. If he told all he knew, what did it it mean anyhow?

Discovery of a horror; despair and madness for his master; shame and misery for Lady Fanshaw; and, for Captain Carleigh, who could say how it would end—probably in death by his own hand.

Lastly, there was the sweet, gentle girl before him who looked so pleadingly in his eyes—what about her?

Would it not be better that she should remain in ignorance of her lover's fate than for him—Sam Burton—to speak out, and those ghastly remains to be dragged forth into the light of day?

Sam Burton's judgment was on his master's side as, thinking to himself, "there are times when a man must tell a lie, and this is one——"

"No, miss," he said, firmly; "I don't know anything about him! Last time I see Mr. Range, he was going into the fir wood, out by the swing gate."

"Yes, but when was it?" cried Sir Robert.

"The last night, Sir Robert, as he were here."

"One hope of a clue gone, uncle," said Judith, quietly, as they walked slowly back; "but another one will offer itself, I feel sure."

"The confounded scoundrel!" said Sir Robert, to himself. "There's gratitude! I'll tackle him by myself. I haven't studied soldiers' faces thirty years for nothing. The fellow was telling her a falsehood, I'll swear!"

CHAPTER LXVI.

UNCLE WASH.

LADY FANSHAW was still very weak and ill—so weak that all thought of a trip abroad was given up.

Sir Harry had whispered to her about their first journey together on the Continent, and told her that if she could summon up strength he felt sure it would help her recovery; but she shook her head, asking simply to be allowed to rest; and she kept her room, merely going to the boudoir for a few hours each day.

There was a truce between her and Carleigh, whom she never met. While one day he would be making up his mind to pack up and go, the next he would give up the idea with a shudder of dread, and tell himself that he must stay and watch for the sake of his own safety—watch for any fresh disposition towards confession on Lady Fanshaw's part—watch lest his enemy, Burton, between whom and himself there was also an armed truce, should be ready to break their silent compact.

Above all, watch the growth of the evergreens and creepers about the mossy earth and rock down in the winding dell.

For there was a fascination in that place which he could not resist, and hour after hour he and his observer, the little robin, were there.

If a naturalist had told him that the bird was waiting till he turned up some fresh earth, so that it might obtain food, Carleigh would have laughed him to scorn, for in his morbid state he felt that some strange influence was at work, and the round, watchful eye of that bird made him shudder as he sat and smoked, on seat or stool, waiting for he know not what, but fully determined upon one thing—that he would not be betrayed.

Sir Robert and Judith were together discussing the advisability of calling in professional assistance, even at the risk of exciting scandal, and Sir Robert had just said, "No, my dear, not yet. Let's wait and see whether we get an answer to my letter. It must be ten days yet," when Josephs entered the library.

"Gentleman to see Sir Harry, Sir Robert. I told him Sir Harry did not see any visitors, but that perhaps you would see him."

"Where is his card?"

"He had no card, Sir Robert. He said his name was Range."

Judith started to her feet.

"Not Mr. Arthur Range?" cried Sir Robert.

"Oh, dear no! Sir Robert," said the butler. "This is a tall, elderly person, Sir Robert—American."

"His uncle!" said Judith to herself, as her breath came fast.

"Show him in!" exclaimed Sir Robert; and he had just forced Judith into a chair and bidden her be calm when a tall, thin yellow, dried-up-looking man, whose clothes hung loosely all over him, and whose soft felt hat was on his head and his hands in his pockets, was shown in.

"Day to yew both," he said, slowly taking his right hand from his pocket and doffing his soft hat, to show how short his grizzly hair had been cut all over his head, and how long and wide his ears had grown.

He was not shabbily dressed, but he looked as if he had not five pounds in the world as he stood there swinging his hat in his enormous bony hand.

"Good-day," said Sir Robert, as Judith rose. "Be seated."

"So Sir Harry Fanshaw's down, is he? Hope not mighty bad, sir?"

"Not seriously ill," said Sir Robert. "Mr. Range, I think."

"Washington—more commonly called Wash. Range, or Copperhill Range, sir."

"Uncle Wash!" exclaimed Judith, involuntarily.

"That's me, my dear," said the old fellow, with a pleasant smile.

"We are very glad to see you, sir," said Judith. "How is your nephew—Mr. Arthur Range?"

"That's just what I've come to find out," said the visitor. "My boy came over here just to see the little old island, and the other places, and he said he shouldn't write much; but when we parted I said to him, I said, 'If you don't get back, Arthur, in a year from now, I shall come and look after you.' He didn't come back; and now I've come."

"Then you didn't get my uncle's letter—posted five or ten days ago?" said Judith eagerly.

"Not me, my dear. Ten days ago I was at New York, getting aboard the steamboat. I say, stop a moment!"

He made a motion with one big hand, dropped his broad soft hat upon the carpet, unbuttoned his loose coat from top to bottom.

Then, giving his chest a flap with his broad hand, he said, quietly—

"Go on, my dear. I feel a bit lighter now. Nothing wrong, is there?"

"Oh, no I hope not," said Sir Robert. "He left here very suddenly, that's all. We found an unfinished letter of his ten days ago. It was for you, I sent it."

"Left an unfinished letter? Went away suddenly? Hasn't he written to you?"

"No; we have not heard a word."

"But suddenly, you said. Anything wrong—a quarrel?"

Sir Robert glanced at Judith, who colored painfully, and then turned pale, as she saw the old American's keen eyes fixed searchingly upon her, as if bidding her speak.

It required a struggle, but she mastered the weakness, and looked up in an ingenuous manner in the old man's face.

"There was no quarrel," she said; and her sweet, silvery voice sounded very clearly. "We had been very happy here, for I knew your nephew when he came out to Malaypore."

"To be sure," said the old American; "he talked to me about you when he come back."

"We had renewed our friendly intimacy, till one day, when——"

Judith hesitated for a moment, and then gave her foot a tiny stamp upon the floor as she mastered her weakness and timidity, and spoke out—

"One day Mr. Range made me an offer of marriage."

"Yes?"

"Did you know what a rich man he was, my dear?"

"Oh, yes! of course."

"You found him too common and rough, like me, eh?"

"I found Mr. Range a very kindly, true-hearted young gentleman," said Judith, warmly.

The old man dropped the hat he had picked up once again, rose in a slow, lumbering way, and crossed to Judith to take one of her little white hands, hold it between his great rough, bony paws for a few moments as if admiring it, and then raised it to his lips and kissed it.

"Thankye, my dear," he said, quickly. "He is as good a lad as ever stepped—and as true.

"Well," he continued, as he resumed his seat; "you refused him. May I ask why? knowing what a very rich man he was—richer a deal, I bet, than a many of your arristockricy."

"That was one reason," said Judith, calmly, "especially as I was only a poor, dowerless girl."

"No, no, no!" said the visitor, slowly, as he shook his head. "A million o'dollars wouldn't make you a bit better."

"Right, Mr. Range! Quite right!" cried Sir Robert, warmly.

"Thankye," said the old man, drily. "Somethin' else, perhaps, my dear. Inquisitive of me; but all this is important. Some other one, perhaps. Beg your pardon but another chap, p'r'aps. Liked him better?"

Judith's face was flaring, but she spoke out firmly.

"Uncle—Mr. Range—there is some terrible mystery here, and it is my excuse for speaking so plainly. Mr. Range, I refused your nephew when he asked me for my hand——"

"Yes, my dear—go on."

"Because I was a foolish girl."

"That's true," said Uncle Wash, bluntly. "And then he was humped."

"I beg your pardon."

"It upset the lad, and he went away sudden like."

"Yes, either that night or very early next morning."

"Humph! Poor lad! Thankye, my dear: you've spoken very nicely, and I'm much obliged. You see I've come over to find him. He left here, you say?"

"Yes, we believe so," said Sir Robert, for, unable to contain herself at this verification of her suspicions, Judith was crying silently, with Uncle Wash, watching her furtively from the corners of his eyes.

"Thankye. Well, I don't kinder know yet what to say. Arthur wouldn't go into the wood and blow out his brains."

"My dear sir!"

"I say he wouldn't," said Uncle Wash, sharply; "he was too sensible. He didn't go back to London and get on the spree, as some young fellows would, for I've been having a hunt for him there. He didn't go back to his hotel, for his portmanter was there just as it came from here months ago. Miss Judith, it's plain speaking before a lady, but I'm a rough, unedducated man, so don't be hard on me when I say I'm beginning to think he never went away from these parts."

CHAPTER LXVII.

ANOTHER HOPE GONE.

RANGE knew the great cedar-tree grew up and spread its broad, frond-like branches where he leaped. He could dimly see them from where he had stood at bay, and, feeling sure that he would succeed in clinging to one of the long bending boughs, after falling from one to the other, he had boldly leaped.

The risk was terrible, he knew, and he knew, too, that he would, if he reached the ground, be attacked by the savage dogs; but he was so strung up now that he was ready to run any risk sooner than be taken and his idea was that he might cling to one of the boughs after falling some distance, and not reach the ground, but the wall, and escape.

And so he leaped right to where a black broad bough spread itself beneath him.

He fell right into it, and its rough, prickly needle foliage scratched his hands as he clung to it, and felt the twigs glide through his fingers.

Then crack! crack! crack! crack! Branch after branch of the brittle wood snapped, and he fell with heavy thud upon the ground, half stunned, but to recover directly and wince with agonizing, sickening pain in his arm.

"Down, you brutes!" he heard some one say: and then he fainted, to find himself, when he came to, lying in his own bed, with a candle burning on the table, and John Pannell sitting in a chair by the bedside, smoking.

"Awake?" he growled.

"Yes. What does—what was, ah! I remember now. You brutes! You big cowards!"

"Steady, my boy, steady; take it coolly, or you'll do yourself harm. Make your feverish."

"What's the matter with my arm?"

"Broken. Hurt you much?"

Range tried not to show it, but that burning, stabbing agony forced a low hissing gasp from his lips.

"You shall have it set in the morning. Lie still now and bear it like a man. What a fool you were to jump!"

Range did not reply, but lay with the drops gathering upon his forehead, and a sickening sensation causing the light to look dim where it stood upon the table.

By degrees the pain grew more dull, and Range lay thinking of this abortive effort to escape, angered with himself for not managing better, though how he was to have contrived differently he could not tell.

Pannell smoked steadily on, calmly and contentedly, speaking now and then to the prisoner in a bluff, sympathetic manner that had its effect.

"Have some 'bacco?" he said once; but Range made no reply.

"I say, my lad, how did you come by that file?" asked Pannell, after a pause; but still there was no reply.

"Here, what's the good of being sulky with me, old fellow? I want to make matters easy for you if I can."

"Give me my liberty, then."

"Ah! that belongs to my two companions as well. Can't do that."

"Then don't pester me."

"Can I do anything to make your arm more easy?"

"Fetch a surgeon."

"Shel—I mean Brother Frank—says he is not to be fetched till morning."

"I am to see a surgeon then?"

"Why, of course, man."

"Thank heaven!" sighed Range; and in spite of the pain he lay thinking of the coming meeting, and of how necessary it would be for him to be calm and patient before his visitor, so as to impress him favorably, and counteract the declaration of his captors that he was mad.

The pain made the hours seem very long; but there was the light of hope through the darkness; and, unless they brought in some bribed creature of their own, escape might be nearer than he hoped for after his last night's failure.

He could not be very angry with Pannell for the man was thoroughly sympathetic and kind, laying a stiff board beneath his broken arm, and, in spite of a refusal, filling and lighting a pipe for him, which he was fain to smoke with no little sense of relief.

Morning at last—a bright spring morning—with Judith and her lovers upon the window sill, and even in his suffering Range could not help watching curiously the progress of the sparrow captain's love.

Some breakfast was brought up about six o'clock, and before eight the prisoner's quickened hearing told him of a strange step upon the stairs.

"Now," thought Range, "here is someone who will hear my story and believe my words," and he turned his head eagerly as the door opened, and Sheldrake ushered in a tall grey, gentlemanly man, who was followed by Mowburn, bearing his arm in a sling.

"Hah! how are we this morning?" said the new comer, with a pleasant smile.

"Are you a medical man?" exclaimed Range, starting up in bed, and feeling sick with the pain.

"To be sure I am; but that's a very foolish thing to do. You see how you hurt yourself."

"Yes," said Range, allowing himself to sink back. "It was foolish, but I am eager to make my case known."

"Your case? To be sure. You can talk to me while I examine your arm."

Range felt sick, but this time not from the pain, but the manner in which this man took his remarks.

"He thinks I'm mad, of course; but I'll soon convince him that I am not."

"Hah! yes," said the surgeon, deftly handling the injured limb that he had laid bare, and giving but little pain by his delicate touch. "A compound fracture. But there, we'll soon get it in splints; and at your time of life, sir, the bone will easily knit together."

"Give me peace of mind, doctor, and that broken arm is a mere trifle."

"Well, I must leave that to my American confrere here, Doctor Parkins. He does not interfere in surgery; I do not pretend to men——to complaints such as yours is."

"Of course they have told you I was mad sir," said Range, calmly.

"Well—er, no. Oh, dear no! That you have fits of excitement sometimes. We all do, my dear sir; but you are getting better fast."

Range remained silent to recover the calmness that was leaving him; and he lay watching the surgeon as he set the limb, meaning, when he felt that he could, to try and impress him favorably.

"Do I hurt you much, sir?" said the surgeon.

"Well, yes; a great deal," replied Range smiling. "It is not an operation I should choose for pleasure."

"No, no! of course not. That's very brave and manly of you. It is a nasty, sickening sensation that bringing the bones again into contact. Some men would groan and cry out terribly over less than this."

"What good would that do?" said Range quietly, as he noted that his gaolers were looking on.

"Ay, to be sure, what good indeed! That's better. Of course you'll lie very still, or, at all events, keep the arm very still. There, I'll be bound to say those broken ends are beginning to think already about pouring out new bone matter for cementing the damaged places, and in a short time they will be so buttressed that the arm will be stronger than ever."

"Now, doctor," said Range, after a little more conversation, "I have been waiting and talking to you that you might see that I was perfectly in possession of my senses."

"To be sure, my dear, dear sir—to be sure."

"So now I ask you, as soon as you leave this place, to go at once and give information to the police that I am detained here by these men so that they may obtain a heavy ransom from me, for I happen to be a very rich man. My name is Arthur Lincoln Range, and if you will write to Sir Robert Fanshaw, Helmthorpe, Brackley, he will endorse my words. Now, will you help me?"

"Certainly, my dear sir, with all my heart."

"No," said the surgeon, firmly, "not at once. You have a bad compound fracture of that arm, and I must not have you all in a fret of fever to keep back my work. Have patience and all will come right."

"You mean that you do not believe me, sir."

"Oh, no, no! There, there! now you must lie still, and sleep as long as you can. Nature mends bones wonderfully while we sleep."

"Doctor, I swear to you that I am the victim of a conspiracy," said Range, quietly. "Pray! sir, help me! I appeal to you as a man."

"Yes, yes! of course. Now lie still while I get this bandage right."

"These men keep me a prisoner here till they can plunder me. They swear they are my relatives. They are utter strangers to me. For pity's sake, help me!"

"My dear sir, I am helping you back to a sound state."

"But can you not see that I am kept a prisoner here? I am a man of enormous wealth. I have millions of dollars, and I will pay you anything to get me free."

"There," said the surgeon; "now we shall do. As to your arm, Doctor Parkins, I should continue what you have been doing, the arnica, and after a time, if there is much pain——"

"A cold compress," said Mewburn.

"Exactly," said the surgeon. "Now, my friend," he continued, turning to Range, "I've done my part; you must do yours."

"No, doctor, you have not done yours!" cried Range, excitedly. "I appeal to you as a man. I beg of you to write to Miss Nesbitt, Helmthorpe, Brackley, and tell her where I am."

"Ah, well, well! we'll see. Now you must go to sleep, or I shall have to give you a strong sedative to calm that brain."

"Sedative to calm that brain," said Range to himself, as, with despairing eyes, he saw another hope in the person of the surgeon depart, just when he had been expecting so much.

For the door closed upon the retreating figures, leaving him alone with Pannell.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

A STAUNCH DOG ON THE TRAIL.

UNCLE WASH. screwed up his face, nearly shut his eyes, and then made a noise with his tongue as if he had just tasted something nice.

"Yes," he said again; "I'm beginning to think my boy didn't leave these parts."

Judith clasped her hands tightly, and turned a peculiar look upon her uncle.

"Here, stop! What's that mean?" said Uncle Wash.

"Well, Mr. Range, to be frank with you, it means that my niece here has for a long time past been very suspicious about this affair, and—well, to be quite plain with you—so have I."

Judith seemed to be turning giddy, for her face grew very pale; but by a brave effort she mastered the weakness, and stood looking from one to other.

The tall, dry, yellow-looking old American stood gazing very keenly at the last speaker, and his cold, hard, steely eyes had a gleam of suspicion in them such as would show in the glance of a man whose life had been passed among enemies.

But the cold, hard look softened directly, and he rose and held out his hand.

"I'm not like you," he said, addressing Sir Robert. "I'm a rough, plain man; but I've heard a deal about English gentlemen, and you seem to be one. I'm very fond of that boy, just as much as if he was my own flesh and blood. I want you to help me to find him."

"By George, sir!" cried Sir Robert warmly, "I'll do all I can, and if you want money pray speak."

Uncle Wash. grasped the general's hand giving it a heavy crush with his great fingers as he laughed silently.

"Money, squaire," he said, with a nasal drawl broader than he had used before; "why, we've got more than we know what to do with. I'm tired of it, and never spend any; but I'm going to spend a few dollars now to find my boy."

Then turning to Judith, he took her little hand and held it in his left, stroking it softly with his right.

"Say," he said, "I think we're going to be good friends. You're going to help me?"

"Yes," cried Judith, eagerly; "I had already commenced the search."

"I thought we were, my dear. I don't know much about women folk, but you look like the sort of girl a fellow would go mad upon."

"Mr. Range!"

"Yes, my dear, I mean it; and he'd be quite right to dew it. I wish yew hadn't been quite so hard on my boy."

"Don't let's talk about that, please," cried Judith, blushing; "but try at once if we can get some clue."

"Clue? You mean trail—signs? To be sure—yes. That's so! First of all, though will you make a bargain with me—both of you?"

"Bargain?" said Sir Robert.

"Yes, sir. Yew see, I'm rather wild and rough, and not used to your ways, but I want you to bear mine for a bit. I'll get took in at some place hard by and come over every morning."

"Nonsense!" said Sir Robert, bluffly. "I am acting for my brother, whom you will see by-and-by. He wouldn't hear of such a thing. Judy, my dear, you'll order a room to be got ready for Mr. Range?"

"Of course, uncle."

"No, no!" said the old fellow, quickly; "we shall be best friends if I stop outside. Why, do you know, squaire," he continued, with a grim smile, "I'm as rough as I was when I went prospecting for gold. Think of this now, my dear; I always eat with my knife."

"I've known the time," said Sir Robert, heartily, "when out campaigning, I've had to eat stuff roasted on a ramrod, and pulled to pieces with my fingers."

"Yes, but yew're diff'rent now."

"Please stay, Mr. Range," said Judith, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking up earnestly in his eyes.

The old man smiled down at her in his grim, dry way.

"I read something once," he said, "'bout a gal and a lion. The lion had come to eat that gal up, but when he saw how beautiful and good and innocent she was, that there lion goes down, he does, and fellers that there gal about like a dog. I feel like that there lion—just. I says to myself, 'my boy's got himself into trouble over some gal, and she's a bad 'un, and I'm just going over there to finish her off, if money'll do it;' but now I've seen you, my dear, and you'll let me, I shall foller you like a dog. Yew've made Wash. Range your humble sarvant, my dear, and what you tell him to do he'll dew."

"Then stay," said Judith, eagerly, as she listened to the quaintly spoken, but thoroughly respectful, speech.

Uncle Wash. took her hand and kissed it, and then turned to Sir Robert.

"Yes," said the latter, nodding; "you stop here, Mr. Range, and we'll hunt out this mystery, if there is one."

"Thankyo," said Uncle Wash. "Then I'll fetch my little bag from that inn by the river bridge, and we'll begin at it once."

"The bag shall be fetched," said Sir Robert, "and we'll begin at now."

The old man smiled his satisfaction and, taking the chair Sir Robert placed for him by the writing-table, as if expecting him to take notes, he changed his manner and began to talk quickly.

"Ef you'll let me go to work my way, I think we shall get on faster," he said.

"One moment," said Sir Robert. "Shall I telegraph to town for a sharp detective?"

"Guess not. This is country, sir, and I think I'll have a look ryund myself. If I can't do any good, then we'll have the police. Now then, just tell me plain how it was he went."

Judith's hesitation was gone now, and she told him exactly—everything about Range's last day at the Priory.

"Ah!" said the old man, nodding, and pushing the paper and pens away with his broad hand. "Now listen to me, both of you. That boy's all the world to me. I'd give every dollar I have and he has to get him back safe and sound, so yew mustn't mind if I say sharp things, and speak ugly about your friends. I'm suspecting everybody just as I used to hev to suspect every Injin or Yankee out yonder in the wild country."

"Go on, Mr. Range; we shall not mind."

"Then, look here; first of all, did Sir Harry like my boy?"

"Very much indeed," said Sir Robert.

"Want him to make it up with miss here?"

"No. He wished her to marry Captain Carleigh."

"Hah! Lady Fanshaw like him?"

"Certainly," said Judith, "always."

"Did Captain Carleigh like him?"

Sir Robert was silent.

"Did the cap'n like my boy?" said Uncle Wash. again, this time looking at Judith.

"No; he was very jealous of him."

"Did they quarrel?"

"I am nearly sure they did."

"Why?"

"Captain Carleigh was so angry with me one day after being with Arthur."

There was a grim smile playing for a moment on Uncle Wash's yellow face.

"I mean with Mr. Arthur Range, in the wood down by the streams."

"Don't aitor it, my dear," said the old man, softly. "Go on."

"And Mr. Arthur——"

"Arthur," said Uncle Wash., firmly.

"Arthur was a little changed in his manner to me. I saw it directly."

"Yes; yew would," said the old man, emphatically. "Cap'n down on you for talking to my boy?"

"He was very angry with me several times."

"Hah!" said the old man, tapping the table sharply. "Well, it don't do to be sure about anything, for if there's a deceitful thing it's a trail, wherever it is. But this seems mighty clear. Don't fire up, please; I must be plain. Yewre Cap'n Carleigh and my boy have met somewhere about yewre place here; they begun with hard words, and yewre cap'n told my boy that if he didn't clear out he'd horsewhip him."

"Yes," said Judith, in assent.

"Clear out's what my boy wouldn't do for the Prince of Wales or the Emperor of Roosher, if he thought what I think about you, my dear. Then from big words they came to blows, and they out with their revolvers."

"Gentlemen don't carry revolvers in England," said Sir Robert.

"Then it was with something else it was done," continued the old man. "Yewre cap'n killed my boy in the fight, and then, being skeart, he hid him, and we've got to find him out."

Judith's face had been growing whiter as this brutally plain speech was made, and her eyes closed and she sank back.

The next moment she had recovered, and was standing erect, trembling violently, but ready to turn to Sir Robert with a look that said as plainly as words—

"There, what did I say?"

"This is a terrible charge, Mr. Range," said Sir Robert, gravely.

"Yes, sir. But I warned you I couldn't spare anyone. I've got to find my boy; and I'll find him if it takes all I've got, and my life, to do it."

"I don't like to say anything. I dare not, for fear of falsely accusing anyone, but you must go on."

"Yes, I must go on," said the old man, firmly. "Cap'n here?"

"Yes."

"Well, I s'pose I shall meet him. I shall say nothing till I'm sure. It's awkward, but there it is. Of course he'll be 'cute enough to know why I'm here."

"What do you propose doing first?"

"Just quietly looking round," said Uncle Wash. "It's of no use to go and holler, and say 'Here's a man killed; come and help find him.' Yew'd get a mob round you, and in your way, and they'd trample out all the trail."

"Then you mean to make no stir?"

"I mean, if yew'll let me stay here, squaire Sir Robert, to go quietly about this matter, not saying a word to the police or anybody, except them I have to deal with, till I've found my boy."

"Then——"

"Yes, then?" said Sir Robert, for the old man paused.

"Then, we shall see!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EARLY ENGLISH AGRICULTURE.—Nothing is more characteristic of the infancy of farming than the violence of its alternations. When roots and grasses were unknown there was no middle course between incessant cropping and barrenness. As with the land, so with its products. Feasting trod on the heels of famine. In the graphic language of ancient chroniclers, parents in 1270 ate their own children when wheat rose to 336s. a quarter at the present value of money. Except in monastic granges no quantity of grain was stored; a corn dealer was the great terror of the legislature. Few remembered to eat within their tether or to spare at the brink and not at the bottom. In August, 1317, wheat was 80s. a quarter; in September following it fell to 6s. 8d. Equally variable were the employments of agriculture. Months of indolence passed suddenly into intense labor. Harvesting in the Middle Ages meant the return of plenty. On 250 acres in Suffolk, towards the close of the fourteenth century, were grown wheat, oats, peas, barley, and bolomong, a mixture of peas or tares and oats. The crops were cut and housed in two days. On the first day appeared 30 tenants to perform their "bederepes," and 244 reapers. On the second the 30 tenants and 239 reapers, pitchers, and stackers.

Many of this assembly were the smaller peasantry on the manor. The rest were wandering bands of "cockers," or harvesters. A cook, brewer, and baker were hired to supply dinner at 9 and supper at 5. Barley and oats, as well as peas and beans, were generally mown; rye and wheat were reaped. But the harvest, as in Roman times, consisted of two operations. The first was to cut the ears, the second to remove part of the straw for thatching; the rest of the stubble was either grazed, or burned, or plowed in. The crops were wheat, rye, oats, barley, beans, peas, and, in similar quantities, flax and hemp. Of grain crops, rye was the chief; it is the hardiest, grows on the poorest soils, makes the toughest straw. Rye was then the breadstuff of the peasantry. It was generally mixed with wheat flour. Bread so made was called maslin. Wheat and rye were often sown together. Tusser condemns the practice, "lest rye tarry wheat till it shed as it stand," but it prevailed in Yorkshire in 1797 as a cure for mildew. By itself wheat was seldom sown. Barley was the drink-corn, as rye the bread-corn, of the Middle Ages; drage was the commonest and best sort for malting. Oats were extensively cultivated in the North, but they were gray-awned, thin, and poor. Little manure was used. In inclosed farms all the dung produced was thrown on the "infield;" the "outfield" was neglected. Horses were scarcely used in agriculture. Oxen cost less, are shod only on the fore feet, do more on hilly ground; their gear and Winter keep is less expensive; they are "mannes meat when dead, while the horse is carrion."

Scientific and Useful.

WATER.—A good test for the fitness of water for animals to drink is the placing in it of live fish. If they continue to live, the water is good enough for the purpose.

CHIMNIES.—Round chimnies are best for workshops, factories, etc. They deliver the smoke more easily, and are less exposed to the wind. They are not, however so easy to build.

EBONIZING WOOD.—The most recent process for ebonizing wood consists in pouring four quarts of boiling water over one ounce of powdered extract of logwood, and when the solution is effected add one drachm of potassium chromate and stir the whole well. Continue the application until the wood is dark enough. When the wood has become dry sand-paper down the grain.

IN THE AIR.—A German engineer is reported to have made an important discovery in aeronautics, by which he is enabled to condense or expand the gas in a balloon. The agent he employs is compressed carbonic acid, with the help of which, he says, he is able to ascend or descend at pleasure. This vertical movement would put it in the power of an aeronaut to go up or down until he finds a current of air moving in the horizontal direction he wishes.

TREES AND DYNAMITE.—Forest trees are now felled with dynamite. A cartridge of the explosive substance is placed in a channel bored directly under the tree to be operated upon, and when exploded the tree is simply forced up bodily and falls intact on its side. In most instances it is found that the tree is not fractured by the force of the explosion; a large proportion of valuable wood at the base of the trunk can be utilized which is now lost. For clearing forest properties this method is admirably adapted, as it brings up the root of the tree at the one operation, and dispenses with the tedious and costly process of grubbing the roots of the felled timber.

GOLD-TEST.—One ounce of nitric acid, 2 drams of water, and a ½ scruple of muriatic makes a mixture useful in testing gold. With a glass rod dipped in the mixture touch the article and, if gold or gold-plated, no effect will be produced. If the gold is less than 9 karat the acid will turn green and leaves a mark. The mixture must be kept in a bottle with a glass stopper. Three ounces of nitric acid, one ounce of water, and a half ounce of bichromate of potash, make a mixture for testing silver. A drop of it applied and rubbed off immediately will leave a red mark on silver or silver-plate.

Farm and Garden.

THE STABLE.—The gutters of the cow stables should be kept very clean in order to allow the liquids to flow into the vats unobstructed, from whence they should be taken and absorbed by suitable materials.

SHEEP.—Sheep like a little clean straw scattered on the bed every day. Stir up the soiled bedding, and then spread evenly half an inch or so of fresh straw on top. The sheep will lie down, and you will see how much they enjoy it.

STOCK-WATER.—The best stock-water is that of living springs; the next, that of running streams. Fully equal to these, save in the exception of hardness, is the water of wells, free from surface drainage. The worst water is that of slack streams, and especially stagnant ponds.

THE COOP.—Don't forget the dust-bath. Have a box in your poultry-house filled with sieved coal ashes. The fowls enjoy it, and it cleanses them of vermin. Save the manure. Poultry manure is a very valuable fertilizer, and can readily be disposed of. It always pays to carefully gather it together.

BULLS.—It is suggested that bulls be exercised by working them in the tread-powers, which not only renders them serviceable but more useful and gentle. They should be made to do the pumping of water, grinding of food and cutting of hay, which will do them no injury, and keep them in better condition.

COWS AND CALVES.—The importance of having cows to calve in the fall so as to have the heaviest flow of milk in the winter, when milk and butter are high, cannot be too well understood. Some farmers value fall calves as highly as spring calves, for the reason that they are ready to turn on grass as soon as it comes in the spring, and so get the full benefit of a summer's pasture.

THE PERSIMMON.—A Western paper says a few good words in favor of the persimmon. It is a wild fruit, but is good, being both palatable and healthy. It bears a good full crop every year, and ripens at a time when all other fruits except the apples are gone. It is also a saleable fruit, and, in proportion to yield, pays as well as any other fruit grown, retailing at the fruit stands at the rate of $6 per bushel.

POULTRY FOR MARKET.—When poultry are to be fattened for market, they should be shut up in dark apartments by themselves for about ten days before killing. The object in keeping them in dark coops, is to keep them quiet, as they fatten much quicker. Feed soft food twice a day, and give corn or screenings at night. Give them pure, fresh water every day, as this is a very important item in fattening poultry. Do not feed them anything for at least twenty-four hours before you kill them.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 6, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously inefaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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Cosmopolitan Advance of Mankind

The popular expectation of a final millenium for the human race, when the innumerable imperfections and sources of distressing unhappiness shall have been eliminated, may possibly be nearing consummation more rapidly than most people realize. Nearly all great changes and progressive steps in the history of the race have occurred in unexpected ways, and, indeed, have been more than half accomplished before contemporaneous generations became aware of any advance at all. Observation of recent events seem to give this fact great significance. During the early part of May a "Church Congress" met in Hartford, Conn., which included representatives of nearly every denomination calling themselves "Christian." The different members actually met in one assemblage, and in the spirit of mutual respect, forbearance and sincerity, discussed the best methods of accomplishing the one common object for which all were zealously laboring. The noticeable preliminary about this "Congress" is the circumstance that it originated from the suggestion of a liberal-minded Episcopal clergyman, in fellowship with a denomination that is next of kin to the most exclusive of any in the Christian world. Suppose one step more could have been taken, and Pope Leo XIII., forgetting for the time the splendid line of historical facts and antique doctrines which concentrate in his own person, should have been willing to preside over this congress of his schismatic brethren, while all earnestly considered how most effectually and rapidly to promote and accomplish universal peace and good will on earth? Need the imagination be subjected to violent tension, after such a sight, to see saints and angels peering eagerly over the battlements of heaven, and, with united hosts, singing songs of joy and waving banners of victory? There can be little doubt that such a spectacle would at least create consternation in Satan's ranks, and might possibly aid in their final overthrow. However that may be, the cosmopolitan admixture of people with one another, whether in business, social, national, religious or international intercourse, is undoubtedly the most powerful existing leverage for promoting genuine civilization. Those who know others only by hearsay, never can have a proper or just appreciation of what they really are. Actual contact and personal acquaintance are the best possible means for polishing off the harsh corners of prejudice and severe disapproval which are so common as the legitimate fruit of ignorance and circumscribed local observation. The multiplication of railroads, telegraphs, printing presses, and other methods of universal information and communication, which enable the whole race to possess a cosmopolitan acquaintance, is an Utopian blessing for which all appreciative lovers of humanity should be duly grateful.

The Subject of Swine.

No definite historical data exactly record the first appearance of this animal in the world's arena. This makes it difficult to trace the growth of a subject now occupying such a prominent position in commercial and social transactions. There is no mention made of hogs in the Garden of Eden, but we may almost feel justified in the conclusion that they were side-partners or confidential advisers of the serpent in the conspiracy to entrap Eve, when we inspect the cunning eyes which peer out from under overhanging brows as they glance maliciously along the natural protuberance between them, and also remember the severe prohibition afterwards fulminated against them in Mosaic Judicature. No special record of the swine's entrance into the Ark with Noah has been preserved, but it was doubtless there. In New Testament days a decidedly characteristic incident in the sacred account shows a whole herd following their natural propensity violently down mountain steeps into destructive waves, when stimulated by demoniacal spirits from human souls. The American hog in commerce has latterly risen into the importance of international negotiations; and has even come near causing serious complication in our reciprocal relations with the great nations of France and Germany. But these are not the phases of the subject we wish to notice. The swine undoubtedly has many desirable uses, but why we should allow it such exceptional prominence and privilege is somewhat of a mystery. Possibly it is a perversion of modern times that needs correction. Not a railroad train, steamship, horse-car, ferry-boat, hotel, place of amusement, house of worship—nor, in fact, any place where people travel or meet in common but has some apartment or portion of it especially reserved for use of the swine that mingle freely with everybody. Singularly enough these reserved swine apartments are never patronized by any except male members of the breed, yet the proprietors and managers of houses of entertainment and lines of travel seem to maintain them and their accompanying paraphernalia with a kind of desperate awe, which is evidently begotten of wholesome fear of offending the imperious brutes who patronize them. The natural concomitants, of course, are filth, vulgarity and nauseous atmosphere. As these apartments are not labeled by their true name, gentlemen of cleanly habits and pure tastes sometimes stray into them unawares, or for want of room, but are glad to escape at the earliest moment into those parts where ladies and gentlemen may remain without contamination or loss of self-respect. Perhaps this arrogance of the hog could be endured with reasonable equanimity if confined to these limits. But the evil reaches much further. Not content with public accommodation, the gormandizing beast thrusts its proboscis into nearly every home in the land. Hardly a housekeeper or lady but has to prepare or surrender some portion of her domestic domain to the use of swine. Many are even bound in marital relations to the animals themselves, and fear to give audible protest to that which their souls loathe. This description of swine appears to be created, sustained and garbed like ordinary human beings. Why, then, should they be allowed privileges, and demand attentions, that are entirely unnecessary for the majority of the race who live decently?

MANY people seem to forget that character grows—that it is not something to be put on ready-made with manhood or womanhood, but that, day by day, here a little and there a little, it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see the way in which a boy of ten gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy who is late to breakfast, and late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think," will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things, will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.

WEALTH, station, applause, luxury, so often sought, are not necessary to happiness; they often minister to it, but it can flourish without them. Health is more essential, though there are some happy invalids. A moderate supply of physical comforts of life seems needful, though happiness and poverty have dwelt together. The exercise of our faculties in some useful and, if possible, congenial direction, is a large contributor. Idleness and overwork are both disastrous to happiness; so is vice in all its forms, whatever be the glittering pleasures it holds out. Successful endeavor of every rightful kind, obedience to the voice of conscience and reason, the love and help we give, even more than what we receive, are all ministering influences to happiness.

IF a man has money, he imagines that the way to enjoy it is either to keep and accumulate it or to spend it on personal gratification; yet he misses the very finest of its delights when he refuses to share it or its benefits with others. So with our time, our talents, and our thoughts—kept to ourselves, or used simply for our own delectation, they do not give us a tithe of the real enjoyment that they afford when we use them liberally for the benefit of the family, or friends, or the community. No one who has once tasted the sweets of ministering successfully to the happiness of others will, if he be intelligent, ever again relapse into a purely selfish use of his advantages, whatever they may be.

To do wrong, or, what is the same thing, to refrain from doing right, when the time for action arrives, because we are afraid of what other people may say or think, is the worst form of slavery. To break such bonds we need a deeper consecration to truth and duty. We may admit all the arguments against such bondage, and yet fail to escape from it; but, if we are faithful and loyal to the good and the right, if in our inmost hearts we love and honor them above all things, we shall find continually growing within us that moral courage which wins for us our best freedom.

FOR our own sakes and our children's we cannot afford to lose a single thought, or great deed, or beautiful conception of those who have gone before us. Ruskin says: "Be assured that all best things and treasures of this world are not to be produced by each generation for itself, but we are all intended, not to carve our work on snow that will melt, but each and all of us to be rolling a great, white gathering snowball, higher and higher, larger and larger, along the Alps of human power."

LIKE all Nature's processes, old age is gentle and gradual in its approaches strewed with illusions, and all its little griefs soothed by natural sedatives. But the iron hand is not less irresistible because it wears a velvet glove.

The World's Happenings.

Whale shooting is a growing business on the Maine coast.

A window-cleaning company has been organized in London.

Boiling will kill any possible disease germs that may exist in water.

Fan-making has been one of the leading industries of Japan for over 1000 years.

The American Tract Society last year distributed 68,862,201 pages of reading matter.

The number of scholars enrolled in the schools of the United States is put at 11,000,000.

The throne of Louis XIV. was sold at public auction in Paris a few days ago for 8500 francs.

The Ohio valley, not Dakota, is the great centre of wheat production in the United States.

The Japanese physician has a dead sure thing of it. He draws his pay regularly from the Government.

A Sumter county, Ga., farmer has a horse that takes his fodder to the water trough and wets it before eating.

For the first time in two hundred and twenty-one years the 13-year and 17-year locusts will visit us together.

The Mormon leaders declare that only about two per cent. of the members of its church practice polygamy.

A bid of five cents more than his competitor secured a house for a man at a recent sheriff's sale in Hartwell, Ga.

The Central Pacific Railway will hereafter burn petroleum instead of coal in its Sacramento and other large shops.

There are only three counties in Illinois, and only one in Pennsylvania, that are not penetrated by lines of railroad.

A couple of pointer dogs, belonging to an Elbert county, Ga., man, were levied on a few days ago to satisfy a debt.

The town of Bedford, Pa., claims a man who begged all day for his "starving family" and took in the roller rink in the evening.

A hat-rack sneak thief was caught in New York the other day, and Judge Cowing sent him to the penitentiary under a six years' sentence.

Framed in the office of a large hotel in New York, there is displayed the first dollar note taken in by the proprietor when the establishment was opened.

A young man walked from Houlton to Rockland, Maine, recently, a distance of 300 miles, to see if he could get a job on new works being built in that city.

Scottish members of the British Parliament reverse the usual order. Instead of their constituencies selecting them, they choose their constituencies.

There is a colored boy, 12 years of age, living near Ivanhoe, Bullock county, Georgia, who wears a No. 13 shoe, and it is said they are rather too small for him.

A new sewing machine, for which it is claimed that it will do 80 per cent. more work than any now in use, has been invented by a Brooklyn mechanic.

The Bible Church, of Salford, England, makes vegetarianism, as well as teetotalism and abstinence from tobacco, an essential condition of its church membership.

A check that was drawn in 1862 was presented for payment at a Hartford, Conn., bank, recently. The holder of the check had laid it aside, and in time forgot all about it.

With nothing but the steel shank from an old shoe, a desperado in jail at Owensboro, Ky., succeeded in sawing the bars of the cell, and liberating himself and four other prisoners.

In Hope, Ind., a few days ago, during a quarrel over a pie, between two brothers, one of them seized a knife, and, making a slash at the other with it, completely severed his nose.

A French physician has written a long letter on the advantages of groaning and crying. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from 120 to 40 in the course of three or four hours by giving vent to his emotions.

The roots of a willow tree standing near a sewer in Batavia, N. Y., have grown inside the sewer tile, blocking it up almost completely, and causing a damage to the village of about one thousand dollars.

The operations of the mechanical appliances in a watch factory have become so rapid and systematic that it is possible to take the raw materials from stock in the morning, and have a watch running from them by noon.

Nine persons out of ten would say that the actual color of gold and silver was yellow and white. Let these nine persons try to match these colors, and they will be astonished to find that drab silk matches gold, and gray, silver.

Two Troy men have invented a machine which, it is claimed, will practically revolutionize match-making. It has been operated to make 24,000 perfect matches in a minute, and its capacity is expected to reach 15,000,000 in ten hours.

An act of unostentatious courtesy was lately acknowledged with corresponding gracefulness by a Missouri paper thus: "Our wife was the recipient of a large bunch of pie-plant last Monday from an unknown friend. Many thanks."

By a photograph of her which he held in his hand—now giving a look at it and then at the arriving immigrants—a man at Castle Garden, a few days ago, succeeded in picking out from a ship load of passengers his sister, whom he had not seen for ten years.

The President of the Flushing, L. I., Vigilance Committee, which was formed some weeks ago for the purpose of making married men keep good hours, is the first to pay the penalty under its rules. He was docked in the village fountain the other night for being out after 11 o'clock.

NIGHT.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

Dark shadow 'twixt to-morrow morn and me!—
If but a shadow, my heart shrinks from thee;
If but a heavy gloom on vale and height;
If but a black shroud for the sun's sweet light,
Earth like his widow lying love-forgot—
O Night, I love thee not!

If but a passage to the coming day;
If but a waiting for the morning ray;
If but a silence, when the solemn hush
Is moved, as if the wings of angels rush
Over the babies with a cradle-song—
O Night, I did thee wrong!

If but a respite from the toil of day;
If but a pause, to ponder on the way;
If but a time to shut the eyelids tight,
Wrestling with evil in a deadly fight:
If but a pillow where white wings descend—
O Night, thou art my friend!

If but a time of promise of the Far;
If but a waiting for the morning star;
If but dreams brightening of a gorgeous morn,
Where life and love and joy are newly born;
If but a yearning for eternal light—
Thou teachest well, O Night!

The Thief of Time.

BY S. T. CASSELL.

THE sleepy little station of Branscot looked sleepier than ever. The hot summer afternoon was softening towards evening, an evening that, if possible, promised to be more gorgeous than the sultry mid-day had been. The slanting sunbeams built fairy castles among the boughs of the time-honored trees that overlooked this selfsame little station. An artist or a poet might have discovered a hundred beauties in their varying lights and shadows; but, unfortunately, though the material for such discoveries was there, the eye of the artist was wanting.

At present, the only spectator of this series of natural transformation scenes was an extremely stout old gentleman, who occupied the corner of the only bench the station boasted. Indeed it is hardly correct to term him a *spectator*, for just now he was wrapped in profound slumber. Judging from his pose you would have scarcely been inclined to imagine him an artist. A poet's calling, however, seemed more likely, for his face spoke *volumes!* Each complacent dimple told of profound satisfaction; and every fold in his comfortable neck and chin bespoke an ease that could not have been more complete among downy pillows and couches of rose-leaves. Alas! that such moments of happiness should have an end!

With a shriek that might have been the warwhoop of infuriated savages, the six o'clock train rushed into the station. At the same time, three rosy children, in holland dresses and large sailor hats, came running through the swing gate that led on to the platform.

"There she is; there's Ida!" they all shouted in chorus, as a bright face smiled at them from one of the car windows. Thereupon followed a regular seige, and it really seemed as if "Ida" would have been torn in pieces before she got out by those eager little lions. However, like Daniel, she escaped unhurt, and the four were soon travelling briskly down the picturesque country road that led to the village of Branscot.

At the door of the grey old vicarage stood the vicar, his wife, and daughter—Ida's father, mother, and sister.

Meetings like these are too frequent to need description. After a lively tea, at which all were present, the younger children were despatched to bed, Mr. Montague went out to pay some pastoral visit, and the remaining three set to work to unpack and stow away Ida's things, plying questions meanwhile in a way that only mothers and sisters can.

She had been staying at the house of a rich and very peculiar old aunt, of whom they knew scarcely anything. Without any warning, she had written to say that she would like one of her nieces to pay her a short visit; so unwillingly, and dreading a long, dull, seclusion, Ida had been sent off with many injunctions as to tidiness, punctuality, etc., qualities of which she stood in great need.

"However did you manage to get down to breakfast in time?" said Edith, the elder sister.

"I really haven't the least idea; the more I think of it the more miraculous it seems, but I wasn't late once. And my drawers, and room, and general appearance were a pattern of neatness."

"Well, of course we shall expect the same perfection here," put in Mrs. Montague, as she arranged the linen in a long drawer, and glanced round at Ida, who was doing the easy in a huge Dover chair.

"I hope not," was the answer; "a fortnight was quite enough. You must expect reaction after such a strain upon my system. Towards the end of the time I quite began to feel as if I were dying of suppressed untidiness."

"Your outward appearance doesn't suggest dissolution," remarked Edith. "I should say that you might safely suppress it for some time to come."

So they chatted on until the room was reduced to order, and then the three started off for a quiet walk before supper.

Half-way down the lane, they saw in the distance a tall clerical form coming towards them. As it drew nearer, Edith felt her color rise in a most provoking manner; and she wished sincerely that she didn't recognize people such a long way off. Ida's question did not improve matters either.

"Does Mr. Forrest's business bring him as often to our house as it used to?"

"Oftener," replied her mother, in an undertone, as she smiled in return to the cheery greeting, and grasped the young fellow's outstretched hand.

"Glad to see you home again, Miss Ida. I hope your aunt didn't turn out the dragon you anticipated." Then, with a slight flush, and lifting his hat almost reverentially, he offered his hand to Edith, and they all turned round towards the village.

Almost insensibly the couples drifted apart, and Ida, with an amused expression, said to her mother—

"Mr. Forrest's business seems as much with Edith as with papa."

"Yes," she answered, "I think there is a kind of mutual understanding amongst us all. Indeed, even now, he is more like a son to me than anything else, and no mother has ever had more reason to be proud and thankful than I have. Of course they would not be able to marry yet, unless Edward had a windfall in the shape of a living; however, we may well leave that, since as yet they are not engaged."

Mr. Montague followed them into the house shortly, looking worried and put out.

"What's the matter, Richard?" asked his wife.

"The matter? why people seem perfectly infatuated; they are forever putting off to some convenient season, that never comes, things that are of the highest importance. There's that man White, down at Brook Farm; he has promised time after time to have the bridge mended or replaced, and there it is to-night as bad as ever. I am certain there will be an accident sooner or later."

"Have you seen Mrs. Greenway?"

"Yes, I was in for awhile, and she seems no stronger. I saw Greenway himself, too; I'm afraid he was not quite steady. It is a thousand pities the man won't forswear drink altogether; but it is the same old story: he means to reform sometime; meanwhile the habit is gaining influence over him. He says the cottage is not so comfortable now that his wife is ill, and he feels the need of something to cheer him up. Poor fellow! I wish he, with thousands of others, would see the folly and danger of procrastination. By-the-way, Mrs. Greenway would like especially to see Ida; she longs for companionship. Where is the child?"

"In the drawing-room at the piano."

"And the others?"

"In the garden, I think; we had better leave them to themselves. Two are company, you know, on such occasions."

And so it transpired that evening that the two who were such good company agreed to become one; and Edward Forrest went home feeling that though he was only a curate in a country parish, with four hundred dollars a year, he would not change positions with the richest dignitary in the diocese.

* * * * * *

Several days passed away without any especial incident. To Edith, of course, every day seemed special just now, but that was more a personal than a general matter.

One thing troubled Ida, but even that was soon forgotten. When starting on her journey home, her aunt had put a letter into her satchel, saying, "You will deliver this note when you get home, my dear, will you not? It will save the postage—never despise economy, in however small a matter it may be exercised."

Ida promised, and then characteristically forgot all about it until the day after her arrival, when it was nowhere to be found.

"You ought to write to Aunt Jane immediately and tell her," said Edith, very decidedly, "thanking her for her kindness at the same time."

"Oh, mother did that last night, and I expect the note was really of no importance. Just to say she was glad to have had me, perhaps, though I don't remember seeing who it was directed to."

"Well, I certainly think you should write," repeated Edith.

"Not to-day," was the lazy response. "I haven't an idea in my head. I could no more write a letter to Aunt Jane now than I could fly."

With such excuses the days slipped past; several notes were begun and thrown aside, and at last Ida persuaded herself that since it had been left so long without any apparent evil consequences accruing from it, she need trouble no further about it.

One evening, sitting at the window, she saw Edward Forrest coming up the lane, and taking it for granted that the vicarage was his destination, rushed out to meet him.

"Why, Edward, how blue you look! Come and have some music. You know

> "When griping griefs the heart would wound,
> And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
> Then music with her silver sound," etc.

And from the expression of your face, I should say the griefs were exceedingly griping. You sit in the easy chair, and I will play you 'He was a pale young curate then,' and see if that will have the soothing effect Spencer talks about."

But Forrest's face did not relax until Edith spoke, and then he said, half smiling—

"Really, if it were not so disappointing, I should feel inclined to have a good laugh at the whole affair. This came from Miss Newton, your half sister, Mr. Montague, the lady with whom Ida stayed not long ago. Listen:—

"DEAR MR. FORREST,—Since I have received no answer to my letter of a fortnight ago, I conclude that you did not think the living I offered you worth your acceptance. I have, therefore, by the advice of the bishop, bestowed it upon the Rev. Archibald Cashell, who will, no doubt, prove a most exemplary pastor.

Yours truly,
"JANE NEWTON."

"There has been some mistake," said Mr. Montague. "The letter has miscarried in the post. It is a most unfortunate thing, for of course the mischief is past repairing now, and it is a change you may not have again for years."

The words went like a knell to Ida's heart; the truth flashed upon her in a moment, chained her, pale and conscience-stricken, to the place where she stood. One glance at Edith's face told her that the conviction was mutual, and, blushing crimson, she rushed upstairs and locked herself in her bedroom, so that in her humiliation she might be alone. How she hated and despised herself for her procrastination and neglect! As it was, she had probably deprived Edward and Edith of several years of married life, and she felt as if she could never face them again.

Downstairs, Edith had told the solution of the mystery, shielding Ida as much as possible from blame.

The vicar was very angry; so was Mrs. Montague, but she affected a mild view of the case in order to mollify her husband, and disclosed her real feelings afterwards in a private interview with Edith.

"It is very disappointing, I know," she finished up with; "but very likely this will teach her a lesson which she would have learned in no other way."

So the storm blew over, and Ida—to describe her feelings accurately—"slunk back into society." She made her peace with Mr. Forrest in a very affecting scene, and was so overcome by the generous way in which he made nothing of his loss that she became his most devoted slave for ever afterwards, and would have gone through fire and water—as the saying is—if he could have benefited thereby.

Of course Miss Newton had to be written to, and this time Ida did her duty nobly. In a very penitent letter, she explained Mr. Forrest's silence, and frankly confessed her fault, neither shielding nor excusing herself.

The outspoken tone of the letter pleased the old lady extremely, as did also the modesty and brevity of Mr. Forrest's; so much so, in fact, that one day they were all electrified by her coming upon them suddenly in person, and settling down at the vicarage for a visit. At first her eccentricities were almost too much for them, but gradually they overlooked them, and to respect her for the genuine kind-heartedness that was manifest in all her actions, and the ready sympathy and generosity that showed, without respect of persons, to all who were in distress. She, on the other hand, by mixing with them seemed to grow younger and more cheerful, more confidential and companionable. She soon recognized Mr. Forrest's value as a hard-working, liberal-minded pastor; and regretting the loss that Ida's neglect had caused to her own parish, she determined to use her influence for him in other quarters.

* * * * * *

"There is no peace to the wicked," says the Scripture. Farmer White found there was none for him, at all events. People on all sides were tormenting him, about his shaky bridge. And the more they tormented him, the longer he put off mending it. His money was dearer to him than his peace of mind, and at last he declared that they might say what they liked, but until the bridge would absolutely not carry a man across, not a nail should be put into it.

"Besides," he said, "they had no call to go across his land; why didn't they go round by the road? If they were so mighty anxious about their safety, a mile and a half's extra walk, shouldn't stand in their way."

One evening the vicar took him in hand and gave him a good talking to. The bridge was becoming worse than ever; the middle plank had broken in at one end, leaving a gap, which, though passable by daylight, was very dangerous after dark. Mr. Montague told him very strongly his opinion of the matter, and finished by saying—

"I consider, Mr. White, that should any fatal accident happen in consequence of your neglect, you would be wholly answerable for the loss of life."

The farmer cleared his throat and fidgeted. "Well, well," he said at length, "I promise you it shall be seen to next week."

"Why not this week?" persisted the vicar.

"Nay, I can't, I'm over-busy. Next week harvest will be well past, and then it shall be done."

So the matter was left, and the farmer went in to his supper, after carefully inspecting his premises and making all secure.

Outside the summer evening soon deepened into night, and all was restful and still. But there was no rest in the upper room of that lonely farmhouse.

In the corner, with his head between his hands, his elbows resting on the hard, rough table, sat the wretched inmate. Wretched, indeed, he was, living like an Ishmael, his hand against ever one, and every one's hand against him. There was not a soul in the village he could call his friend, but he could not count his enemies.

His passionate temper and harsh, unforgiving nature alienated from him those who at first were disposed to be kind, and his warped imagination and suspicious disposition converted even acts of neighborliness into attempts to impose upon him. The children ran out of his way as he passed through the village, and even his very horse and dogs seemed instinctively to give him a wide berth. No one who could help it spoke to him, and he did not care to speak to them. But to-night he longed for something to do, or someone to talk to. The vicar's words kept running in his head, "You would be answerable for the loss of life," and he could think of nothing else. The more he thought of it the worse it grew, until his mind was full of it, and his overstrained imagination began to conjure up all kinds of fearful scenes connected in some way or other with the rushing brook and tottering bridge outside. Every sound startled him. Every dim corner seemed peopled with moving shadows that looked and beckoned. In his excitement he could not sit still, and yet he dared not rise, so, pillowing his head on his arm, he tried to collect his wandering thoughts. By-and-by, from sheer exhaustion, he fell asleep.

But now what had been fancies seemed hideous realities; each vivid detail stood out in bold relief, each unreal sound thrilled him through and through. He was standing on the bridge watching the swift, dark current with tireless vigilance and as he looked there formed in the water faces, pale drowned faces, with lips that moved as though they formed words. Gradually the whole surface moved towards him, and from the depths there came arms that twined themselves round the bridge on each side of him, and with one snap it parted beneath his feet and he fell, struggling wildly, into the dark, cold water, only to be clutched and strangled by those same twining arms that had clasped the bridge a moment ago. He woke gasping for breath and shaking with cold and fear—woke in a moment to full consciousness, with every sense alive, every nerve in full tension. The window was wide open. He could hear the lapping sound the water made against its banks, and the rustle of the trees. But, hark! A crash of breaking wood, a dull, heavy splash, and then another as of falling stones, a faint sound like a cry, and then silence!

The man started to his feet, and by a strange fascination moved towards the window; but all was dark outside; there was nothing to be seen, and he went mechanically back to the table. All the old excitement seemed to leave him. Undressing carefully, he lay down and slept till morning.

The morning dawned as it had done millions of times since that first time when the sun's rays touched the cloud-encircled earth and instituted a new era in its history. The thankful birds and insects sang their matins to God in songs that rose to heaven with the sweet incense of countless flowers, and man went forth to his work and to his labor till the evening.

The little string of men that worked at Brook Farm came sauntering down the fields, enjoying the fresh morning air, and wondering many times as they drew nearer that the master was nowhere about. The gate into the farmyard was near the stream, a few yards from the fatal bridge. So far they got and stopped.

"Hallo! John, who's been damming up the beck again? Them boys, I guess!"

"Not they; there's been over much rain for that."

"Dear me! if there ain't Jem Greenway's barrow upside down in it, and—good Lack!"

The man got no further; nearly half the bridge was torn away, but that was not all. Bending over the side of the brook, now swollen by the heavy thunder rains to the size of a small river, they saw a sight that made the strongest of them quail and turn away sick and horror-stricken. Beneath the upturned barrow, his white hands still clinging with a desperate grip to the sodden handles, his face cut and battered by the heavy stones almost beyond recognition, lay James Greenway. He had evidently been there for some time, for the water had washed the blood from the gaping wounds in his head, as if conscious that so precious a thing as a human being should have had more decent burial.

The men looked blankly at each other, and then, as if by common consent, turned silently away, back again through the fields on to the road that led to the village. There they gathered round the Vicarage door, and in broken sentences, not knowing how best to describe in words the horrors of the spectacle they had witnessed, they told their story.

As speedily as possible the body was removed to the house of one of Mrs. Greenway's relations, and the news broken gently to the newly-made widow. From the neighbors, Mr. Montague gathered that the poor man had been employed for the harvest by a farmer who lived two miles away; and that last night the men had had a supper to celebrate the safe housing of the corn. He had been promised some stones by a fellow laborer with which to build a rockery in his garden, and was to have brought them home that night. His wife had cautioned him about bringing them across the bridge; but they feared he had taken too much to drink at the supper and had forgotten all about this warning.

The news spread like wildfire in the village, and at first all other feelings were lost in sorrow for the fate of the wretched man, and in sympathy for his wife and children.

But when the funeral was over, and people had time to think of cause and effect, the one inquiry was, "Where is the farmer? How may we punish him?"

Where *was* he? Shut up in his house

like a criminal in prison, awaiting, with a kind of grim determination, the worst that might come. Four days had elapsed now since that strange night, and he felt that if he stayed much longer in solitude, alone with his conscience, his mind would give way. So at dusk he crept out, round by the road into the village, intending to go to the vicar and virtually put himself into his hands. He had nearly gained the house, when a man in one of the cottages saw him. With a savage shout, and snatching up the first thing that came to hand, he rushed at the unhappy man. In an inconceivably short time, from every cottage round, there ran out men, women, children, all eager, under the cover of this general retribution, to avenge their own particular grievances.

Heedless of where it led to, forgetful that his way of escape was cut off, the farmer fled down the road that led to his own house. He could not see the ground beneath his feet; his eyes were blinded, his head giddy, his brain conscious of nothing but the yelling crowd behind. He hardly felt the stones that were raining on him. His only impulse was to fly onward. At last he saw the familiar gables, and, summoning up all his strength for a final effort, he quickens speed. But look! Listen! With one consent the pursuers stop, and from the assembled multitude there rises a cry, repeated often, but too late, "The bridge! The bridge!" One wild shriek, one fearful leap from the swaying planks to the bank opposite, struggling, clutching vainly at the tender grass, he falls backward into the surging current and is borne away.

* * * * * *

Two years have passed. There has just been a wedding at Branscot, and we hear that the bridegroom, the Rev. Edward Forrest, has been presented with a valuable living not far distant from the parish he vacates.

A Glove's Evidence.

BY E. M. DAVY.

"PUT up the shutters, Tommy, and fasten the door," called Mrs. Toppin from her snug parlor behind the shop.

"'Taint seven yet. Wants five minutes by the church clock," objected the boy, who, with his hands in his pockets, was standing on the doorstep watching the heavy thunder-shower.

"Do as you're bid, lad." Whereon Tommy went out reluctantly to perform his task. He had fastened the last bar of the shutters, re-entered the shop, and was about to close the door, when he felt it pushed gently from without.

"Oh, please let me in," implored the soft voice of a girl, who was enveloped from head to feet in a long waterproof, the hood of which partly concealed her face.

"But we're shut up for the night, miss."

"Only the window; and I don't want to buy wools or embroidery cotton, or anything of that sort. I wish to see Mrs. Toppin."

"On business?"

"Yes."

The boy disappeared into the parlor, and Mrs. Toppin at once came into the shop.

"Well?" she said, not by any means with a conciliatory tone or manner.

"I wish to enter my name for a situation. You keep a registry office, I believe?"

"I do—for *servants*." And the woman looked, with a practised eye, a little dubiously at the tall, graceful figure of the girl, marking her soft voice and refined manner as she asked, laying a shilling on the counter: "Will you write down my name, please?"

Mrs. Toppin put on her business manner, with her spectacles, in a moment, and having desired her boy to light the gas, she took a large book from a drawer, dipped a pen into the ink, and said, oracularly—

"Name?"

"Margaret Johnson."

"Age?"

"Twenty-two."

"What capacity?"

"Anything."

"I suspect you've not been out before, young woman. You'll require a character, you know."

The girl took a letter from her pocket, which she silently handed to Mrs. Toppin.

"Canon Bywell begs to certify——Margaret Johnson——Church of England——well educated——high moral character——do her duty in any capacity——orphan——father, a tutor, died penniless a few months since——daughter left to support herself."

Having made entries in her book to the above effect, Mrs. Toppin gave back the letter, and turned over several leaves of the volume before her. Then, running her forefinger quickly down the page, she arrested it suddenly. Looking up sharply over her spectacles, she said:

"Lady Jakes wants a maid immediately. To a qualified young person a liberal salary will be given. One who has lived in a high family preferred."

"I am afraid I cannot fulfil these requirements——"

"You're the likeliest I've seen. You speak gentler than they do, for the most part, about here—more like a Londoner. Her ladyship wants something genteel, and she's in a hurry to get suited. Here's the address. It's the large house, with a lodge and iron gates at the end of this street. You'd best apply at once."

"Thank you. I will."

"And I wish her joy of the place, poor young woman, if she gets it! She's rare hard to please, is my Lady Jakes!" ejaculated Mrs. Toppin, as she removed her spectacles, wiped them, and transferred them to their case.

The rain still poured down in torrents, but Margaret Johnson walked on regardless of the storm. She had no difficulty in finding the lodge and iron gates. But when the door of the large house was opened by a smart footman, she felt not a little nervous as she explained her errand. In a few moments she was shown into a room, the amber and gilt furniture of which looked all the more gaudy when contrasted with the lady sitting there—a lady dressed in the deepest and most expensive of widow's weeds. She was a little woman of florid complexion, with light blue eyes, bright and vivacious in manner, and looking younger than her thirty years. Despite her sombre crape, she wore many diamond rings which glittered on the fingers of her small white hands, and the white lisse arrangement on the top of her fuzzy light hair was secured there by diamond pins.

"A young person after the place, my lady," announced the footman.

"Where have you lived?" was the first question of Lady Jakes, when the door was closed.

Margaret proffered the letter Mrs. Toppin had read. The lady ran her glance quickly over it.

"Canon Bywell?" she said, as she gave it back. "Oh, what a canon says—especially a canon of D——*must* be true! My last maid left me because she didn't seem to know her things from mine. She wasn't *honest*. At all events, I can have no fears on that score respecting *you* with such a character as this. But can you dress hair? Can you sew well? Keep my wardrobe in repair? Make and alter my morning dresses? In fact, do all that a *lady's* lady's maid should do?"

"To the best of my belief, madam, I can do all this."

"You must always say 'my lady' when you speak to me."

"Yes,——my lady."

"Put back your hood, take off your hat, and let me have a look at you."

The girl obeyed. Lady Jakes, looking scrutinizingly at the sweet face blushing beneath her bold inspection, remarked that the large grey eyes met hers without flinching, and that the classically-shaped head, round which the smooth brown hair was simply coiled, carried itself as proudly as a queen's.

"You'll do," said the lady shortly with a nod. "I engage you for a month on trial at twenty pounds a year. As this is Saturday and I am terribly in want of a maid, you had best remain. I will send for your things, wherever they may be, to-night."

Preliminaries being thus quickly settled, Margaret Johnson turned over a fresh page in her history and began her new life in the character of a lady's maid.

Lady Jakes was the daughter of a rich country brewer. A year before this story opens she married an old city knight, whom good living in general and port wine in particular killed a few months after marriage. During the prescribed period of her mourning, Lady Jakes elected to live in the house left her by her father—the large stone house with the lodge and iron gates in the country town where she was born. She brought a large retinue from London—among them the dishonest lady's maid, whose place she hoped now she had efficiently supplied.

The new maid, however, had not been many days in Lady Jakes' service before it became painfully evident to the latter that there was more of the lady about Margaret Johnson than about Lady Jakes herself. This knowledge gave rise to an uncomfortable feeling which her ladyship in vain tried to dispel. At first she resented the fact, but ultimately determined to turn it to account. It is true the country brewer's daughter had received a fair enough education at a large school, but it was somewhat humiliating to find that the daily companionship of a refined girl like Margaret Johnson opened out a new branch of learning. It showed her her own deficiencies. She knew herself to be loud, abrupt in speech, quick and gauche in manner. Her maid, on the other hand, spoke slowly, softly, with few words; but those she used were spoken in a low, sweet, melodious voice. Her movements were the embodiment of grace. Her dresses—rigorously plain—were of some soft black stuff that clung closely to her figure, with the narrowest rim of white at throat and wrists. She was in mourning for her father, who had died a few months back, she said; but on all matters referring to herself or her antecedents the girl was reticent in the extreme.

Lady Jakes loved to have her hair brushed. She was a vivacious little woman and excitable; perhaps the action soothed her. She would sit by the hour before her toilet glass in an elaborately-trimmed peignoir, while Margaret stood brushing with slow monotony the thick, rather coarse, light hair, which afterwards had to be plaited and curled and frizzed.

One day, little more than a month after Margaret's arrival, mistress and maid were thus engaged, when the former said abruptly:

"You wear no ornaments, Johnson."

"No, my lady."

"Many mistresses forbid their servants to wear jewelry, but that can't be your reason for wearing none. What is it?"

"I do not think jewelry suitable with deep mourning, my lady."

"But I am in the deepest mourning, and I wear these." And Lady Jakes, holding up both her little white hands, smiled as she saw the diamonds flash.

"It is a matter of feeling, I suppose, my lady."

"Do you think it bad taste—in plain English, *vulgar* to wear these splendid rings?"

"If I am bound to answer, I think it scarcely *good* taste, my lady."

The lady laughed a bit scoffingly. Her ruddy cheeks grew ruddier. She bit her under lip.

"You're a strange girl, Johnson," she remarked presently, "and you know a good deal more than I would credit most maids with knowing, who haven't been out before. How you got your ideas of refinement puzzles me, but you *have* got them. I've a good mind to put down my jewelry till I begin my second mourning. And—I like those plain black gowns you wear. There is certainly a style about them, and the way you do your hair."

"I wish I could catch a little of that girl's manner," she thought as she watched her in the glass. "I wish I were as tall and slim as she is! What pretty hands she has—as white almost as mine—but they are not so small——No, I am quite sure her hands are not so small as mine——"

From that day Lady Jakes laid by her rings, her thick gold chain. She ceased to frizz and curl her hair. The small white lisse arrangement rested securely on her head without the aid of diamond pins. She lowered her voice in speaking—when she could recollect. She moved about more slowly—when she had time. To her servants it was no secret that Lady Jakes was copying her maid. They looked on as at an amusing comedy, and smiled.

It was "assize week" at Medworth, a time of great importance in that old country town. To obtain a seat in court—to gaze for a few hours at the judge, the barristers, the jury, and the prisoners—was a species of mild dissipation in which Lady Jakes thought she might indulge, notwithstanding her recent widowhood. Accordingly she went.

On her return—it was almost her dinner hour, and Margaret was assisting at her toilette—she said: "I met with quite an adventure to-day, Johnson! The heat was so dreadful in that close, stuffy gallery, I nearly fainted. I had to have water and smelling salts brought to me, and at last was obliged to be assisted downstairs. One of the barristers, in his wig and gown—such a handsome fellow, I had noticed him before—happened to be standing at the bottom of the stairs, and ordered me to be taken into a nice cool room. He was so polite that when I came round I inquired his name. He said it was Charles Bywell. 'Related to Canon Bywell?' I asked, and he told me he was his nephew and only living relative. I expect to see something more of Mr. Bywell," she added, smiling significantly, as she looked at herself in the glass, "and then, no doubt, I shall have some news for you concerning your old patron, Johnson."

Had her ladyship been less occupied with her toilette and her own thoughts, she might have remarked the deep blush, succeeded by a deathly pallor on the face of her usually calm attendant. Twice Margaret attempted to speak, but voice failed her. At last, as steadily as she could, she said: "Will you do me the very great favor of not mentioning my name to——Mr. Bywell, my lady?"

"You are too late, Johnson, for I have already mentioned it. I told him it was owing to the very excellent character written by his uncle, the Canon, that I had obtained my present maid. He looked anything but pleased, and muttered something below his breath not complimentary to the Canon. There was no time then to question him, however. Give me my fan. Dear, dear, how warm it is. And, how pale you look, Johnson! I suppose it is the heat that's affecting everybody."

The following morning Lady Jakes decided again to attend the court. At the last moment before setting off she felt an irresistable desire to wear her diamond rings. Accordingly she took them from the drawer, where they had lain for the last few weeks, and placed them on her fingers. One, however, was missing; in vain she turned over all the contents of the drawer; it was not there. She charged Margaret to find it, and restore it to her on her return.

Her ladyship came from the court late and in the worst of tempers. The heat had been excessive, the cases tried uninteresting, and her handsome barrister acquaintance of the day before had simply bowed to her as she passed him, whereas she expected he would have spoken at least, if not escorted her to her carriage. Altogether it had been a day of disappointments.

"Where is my ring?" were her first words to Margaret.

"I am sorry I cannot find it," replied the girl. "I have searched for it from the time you left till now."

"Not found it? Then it is the old story!" cried Lady Jakes impetuously. "I have been robbed! It is most abominable that servants should be so dishonest. My last maid was a convicted thief, and now——"

"Do you suspect me, Lady Jakes?" asked Margaret, speaking very quietly but raising her head proudly, as with a straight and level glance she looked full at her mistress.

"Don't be ridiculous, Johnson. You know I do not. Canon Bywell's letter was sufficient to prevent that. But I'm determined to find the thief, though, and to have my ring back. Send for a policeman, Johnson."

"Excuse me, my lady. That is scarcely my province."

Her ladyship was furious. "Desire Symmonds to come to me," she said. Symmonds was the footman; and, little anticipating what was to ensue, ten minutes later he brought a police officer to the house.

"Now call all the servants and come with them here," said Lady Jakes, who in her excitement had gone out into the hall.

"Policeman," she began, as the astonished domestics, male and female, came hurrying forward, "policeman, a valuable diamond ring is missing and must be found. I am certain it is in this house. I suspect no one in particular, mind, but, my servants' drawers and boxes must be searched at once. All except my maid's. She, I know, is honest."

A babel of indignant protestations here arose, which was only quieted by Margaret coming forward and saying in her clear low tones: "If Lady Jakes orders her servants to be subjected to this indignity, they can but submit; the readier all are to assist this man in his unpleasant office, the quicker it will be over. My room shall be searched with the rest."

So saying, she placed her hand gently on the shoulder of a young housemaid who was sobbing bitterly. Her words—above all, her gentle warmth of manner—went straight to the hearts of those very men and women who thus far had looked at her askance, if not with hatred. Now, each one seemed more impatient than the rest to have his and her possessions searched. The proceedings probably would have lasted far into the night, but for one simple incident.

"Pass that—it's the lady's maid's room—and come to mine," cried the young girl eagerly whom Margaret had befriended. But the functionary of the law stood still. He had an eye to business, and did not care to go over the same ground twice. "We'll take them as they come," he replied, and turned into Margaret's room.

A detailed account of the search here would be needless. It was of short duration.

Lady Jakes, who had retired to the drawing-room, awaiting the result, was soon apprised of it. A knock at the door, permission to enter given, and the policeman and Margaret Johnson appeared upon the threshold. Margaret, pale as death, fixed her large earnest eyes on her mistress's; there was a pleading, pitiful expression in them, but no appearance of guilt or shame.

"The ring was found in this young woman's box, my lady; she says she's innocent," announced the policeman.

"Found in Johnson's box. Is it possible?"

The man smiled slightly, and, with a hasty glance at the accused and at the door as though a little doubtful about its being safe to let go his hold, he stepped cautiously across the floor to Lady Jakes and laid the missing ring upon the table by her side.

"Oh, Johnson! This is too bad!" she cried. "Haven't I trusted you in every way? Haven't I treated you more as a friend than a servant? If you had asked me for the ring I might have given it to you. Oh, it is infamous that I should have been so deceived! And Canon Bywell gave you such a character, too! Have you nothing to say for yourself? Can't you speak, girl!"

The great tears stood in Margaret's eyes, but did not fall. She looked piteously from her mistress to the flushed and excited faces of the servants who had followed.

"I have nothing to say, except that I am innocent. I did not put it there," she faltered.

"Innocent!" sneered the policeman, "the ring was hidden in the finger of a glove. On the top of her locked box, my lady, was lying this pair of gloves. I might just have tossed them on one side, but, thinks I, they're smart gloves now for a lady's maid, and handled them almost by chance. Inside the finger of one of them I found this ring. Queer hiding-place and clever."

As he spoke he pushed the ring into the third finger of the right hand glove, in illustration of his words. "Am I to take away the young woman on the charge?"

But the poor girl heard no more; she had fainted.

"No, no, I won't turn her away to-night," answered Lady Jakes, whose anger was fast abating. "Carry her up to her room, some of you. She can stay till morning. Leave the gloves, policeman, and if you look in at breakfast-time to-morrow I will tell you what I have decided to do."

No sooner had Margaret been conveyed insensible to her room, than Mr. Bywell was announced. Now Lady Jakes had looked forward to receiving the handsome barrister—should he call—in a calm, even stately, fashion; but the painful occurrence that had just transpired effectually effaced all such intentions. After apologizing for making so late a call, explaining briefly that he had been detained in court, he said: "I was most anxious to see you on a private matter of my own. Indeed, I find myself in a position of such difficulty that I am in a measure bound to take you into my confidence. Margaret Johnson——"

"Oh, Mr. Bywell!" she interrupted eagerly, "have you come to speak to me about that wretched girl? Whatever it is, it can scarcely be worse than I already know. How infamously she has deceived us all!"

"Pardon me. I do not understand you in the least."

"No? I thought of course it was something about her character you had come to tell me. Well, then, it is for me to impart a confidence to you. After all your uncle, the Canon, said of her, after all the kindness and consideration I have shown her,—would you believe it? she has turned out to be—a thief!"

"No. I would not believe it!" the young barrister said sternly, while his face turned pale with passion, and his eyes gleamed ominously. Lady Jakes moved a little uneasily on her chair.

"Of course it has distressed me terribly," she continued, "for I have made quite a companion—a friend—of Johnson. But when I missed my most valuable diamond ring to-day, sent for a policeman, had my

servants' boxes searched, and the ring was discovered in her box—why then you see there could be no question of her guilt."

Mr. Bywell rose from his seat. The hand resting on the table shook, but his voice was steady as he asked with studied calmness: "You sent for a policeman? Suspected her? Had her things searched?"

"No, no. You do not understand. I did not suspect her. I told the man to search the other servants' boxes, not hers. I suppose she thought in such a hiding-place the ring would not be discovered."

"What hiding-place?"

"The finger of a glove. Clever idea, was it not? The policeman himself said so and but for the fact that he was struck with the smartness of the glove, he says it might never have been discovered."

"Good heavens! Where is she now?"

"Oh, she is in her own room. She fainted dead off when she saw the case was so strong against her. I told the policeman I would not turn her out to-night. He is to call in the morning. In the mean time I shall have decided what to do."

While Lady Jakes was speaking, her hearer resumed his seat. He appeared to have been extraordinarily affected, she thought, by her disclosure; but now he recovered his self-possession and looked quietly thoughtful, as though he were going over in his mind all she had told him. She wondered if she had told it well?

"That is the ring, those are the gloves," she observed presently, handing both across the table.

Pushing the ring from him with a little scornful gesture, he took up the gloves, and, passing his hand across his forehead, fell to gazing at them with the greatest intentness. It almost seemed that he appealed to them mutely for a revelation of the truth, and that he waited expecting it might come to him. His next proceeding was to examine them closely.

They were a pair of long, tan-colored Suede gloves, of the make known as mousquetaires, and new. He noticed that the right hand glove only had been tried on. He placed the ring in the third finger. Lady Jakes began to find the silence irksome.

Presently he looked up. The expression of his face had so completely changed that it startled her. "I should like to make a little bet with you," he said, playfully. "A dozen pair of those pretty gloves to one that the accused is innocent—and that you shall prove her so."

"I prove her innocent, when I know so well she is not?"

"I take eight and a quarter, Lady Jakes; your size is——let me see——. Ah! these gloves will be quite sufficient. They will exactly fit you."

"No. Those are a quarter of a size too large."

"Indeed? Still they look small enough. I dare say the numbers are not always to be relied on. Irrespective of figures, I believe those gloves will fit you."

"How persistent you are, Mr. Bywell! I tell you they are too large."

"But, seriously, you cannot be sure without——"

"Trying them on? Well, suppose I have tried them on?"

"You, Lady Jakes? Impossible!"

"Yes, I have. And as you seem so much surprised, I'll tell you how it happened. One day I went into my maid's room and saw her box open. It contained her second things when she is not wearing. On the top of them lay a lovely pair of Dog Suede gloves. One doesn't expect one's servants, you know, to wear such gloves as those. Tan-colored Suede mousquetaires had just come into fashion when my poor husband died, so I have never been able to wear a pair."

"And you tried on this glove—just to see how tan mousquetaires would suit you?" he inquired, with an eagerness he could not repress.

"I did; for that reason partly. And for another. I thought my hand was less than Johnson's; and it is."

"Try this on now, dear Lady Jakes. To oblige me. Do!"

Laughing and blushing, she complied, scarcely noticing that he slipped the ring upon her finger first.

The glove was too large, as she had said. He appeared about to button it, and leaned over her for that purpose, when, suddenly, looking towards the door: "Quick! Take it off!" he cried, as though fearful of some one appearing on the scene.

It was a false alarm, but one that answered his purpose better almost than he had dared to hope.

The glove was pulled off with all the haste he could desire. Mr. Bywell pointed to her hand.

"Where on earth is my ring?" she asked.

Without speaking, he turned it out of the third finger of the glove.

But this was not enough for Mr. Bywell. He waited for the lady to say something more.

"It is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of!" she exclaimed, flushed and breathless with excitement. "It is exactly what must have happened when I tried on that glove in my maid's room. I remember pulling it off in just such haste, thinking I heard somebody coming and not wishing to be caught. The ring was always a little large for me. It must have remained in the glove finger and I never missed it until to-day, though I firmly believed I had put it away with my other rings. So Margaret Johnson is innocent after all!"

"I thank you, Lady Jakes. I have won my wager," he said, quietly, with a look of intense satisfaction. "And now I must request you to send for—Miss Johnson. The communication I had to make to you must be made in her presence."

While Lady Jakes went for her maid, Mr. Bywell paced up and down the room, his eyes fixed on the carpet, his lips compressed and his appearance generally betokening that he neither desired to speak nor to be spoken to.

At last the door opened, and Margaret—very pale, and evidently suffering acutely—entered. When, however, she perceived who was with Lady Jakes her face became suffused with blushes; she drew back as though about to leave the room. In a moment Mr. Bywell was at her side.

"Courage, my dear!" he whispered. Then aloud, and taking her hand in his: "Lady Jakes, I came here this evening to claim my promised bride. My uncle—on whom from boyhood I have been dependant—refused to acknowledge me as his heir if I married my old tutor's daughter. This dear girl wrote me a note bidding me farewell; and rather than blight, as she supposed, my worldly prospects, she left her native place, and, being poor, sought a situation, believing thus to raise an insurmountable barrier between us. This was at my uncle's instigation and by his help. His opposition now is ended."

He paused. Margaret raised her eyes to his wonderingly—the look of love and joy that shone in them she could not hide. "Your uncle at last consents?" she asked.

"I had news this morning of his death," was the reply.

Lady Jakes, enchanted with this denouement, kissed Margaret impulsively, forcing her into a chair beside her while she recounted with genuine feeling how the mistake about the ring had occured.

"I shall never like tan Suede mousquetaires again!" she added, with a sigh that was almost a sob.

"Pray do not blame those gloves," said Mr. Bywell, smiling. "I gave them to Margaret. The accident might have happened with any other kind."

There remains nothing more to add, except that Margaret Johnson was shortly afterwards married to Mr. Bywell; that Lady Jakes, discarding her mourning, was present at the wedding; and that this story is a true one.

Dr. Merton's Sister.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

NOBODY knew why it was that Dr. Merton looked, all of a sudden, so much older than he really was; nor why, from being a man full of mirth and loving society, he seemed to shun both. But his sister Alice suspected the cause long, long before Mrs Merton herself was roused to the faintest glimmer of the truth, and the truth was sad enough, for Dr. Merton was in debt! And he had gone on—at first, feeling sure of recovering his standpoint; then, doubting; next, desperate, and unable to face the future, which had become dreadful to him because of his wife and children. He loved his sister, too—no one could live in the same house with Alice Merton and not grow to love her; but she was not so helpless as was Mrs. Merton and the poor children. Poor children indeed! Brought up in self-indulgent habits by a foolish mother, they were truly to be pitied if it was to come to the sharp trial of having to find another home.

How had such a state of things come about in a thriving household, such as was that of Dr. Merton? First of all it had begun by increased expenditure on Mrs. Merton's part; on her insistance for a liberal income to spend; on her utter want of business capacity. Next, the doctor, who was but too good-natured, was imposed on by the son of an old friend—induced to become his security for three hundred pounds, which the doctor had to pay after all; then, one year he had a number of bad debts, and was not wise enough to say to his wife that they could not afford to give dinner-parties, knowing what an outcry would be made if he did so; and as he was generous-hearted, he would not curtail his sister's allowance of a hundred a year; for Alice did many things in the household—taught the children, walked out with them; made things for their wear; saved the expense of music-lessons for the elder girls (she being a brilliant pianist), and her brother argued that, if Alice married and left them, they would never get her place supplied by paying anyone else a hundred pounds a-year, and that such allowance was her due.

"I think a hundred a-year is really more than Alice wants," said Mrs. Merton, gravely. "I myself have only a hundred and fifty from you, Edmund, for dress and my own private expenses; and I go out a great deal more than Alice does, and am obliged to support certain charities you know."

"Yes, my dear," responded the doctor; "but if we had a governess for the girl, and had, besides, to pay for all the things—frocks, pinafores, etc.—which Alice makes for them (and which you say you have no time for), it would cost us a great deal more than the sum I give to Alice. Twenty-five pounds a quarter is not too much for her expenses, considering all she does for us."

And this was really so true that Mrs. Merton let the matter drop.

Alice had come to live in her brother's house when she was left homeless by her father's sudden death six years ago. She was now twenty-four; but most people, not aware of the contrary, took her for nineteen or twenty. She was a dozen years younger than the doctor, and a very beautiful young woman, highly intellectual, and fond of literary pursuits. It was a trouble to her to feel obliged to devote her energies most of the day to the monotony of school work, and to mending and making for the children; but she saw how things were drifting on her brother's household, and set herself, so far as might be, to stem the tide. But for her, matters would have come, long since, to a crisis; for even half a dozen years ago, when Alice had first arrived at Dale House (as the doctor's residence was called) that adverse tide had set in which was eventually to swell large enough to engulf all within it. As yet, however, the swell was invisible, save to such a close watcher as loving Alice Merton.

In the evening she made up for the monotony of her day, eagerly reading the new books which were plentiful in her brother's house.

"Now, dear," said the doctor, one day to his sister, "you look tired—are you working too hard?"

"Not a bit—I like work," said she, cheerily.

"Yes; but I hope you don't read all night as well as all the evening. Several times when I have come in late, or, been called up early, I have heard a noise in your room which is over my study you know, and I have meant to speak to you about it. You should not presume on your good health."

Alice laughingly promised "to be careful," and there the matter dropped; but her brother was pretty sure that she still sat up to study, or rose at some unearthly hour to read up scientific subjects, of which she confessed herself fond.

"What is the use of all this brain work, Alice?" asked the doctor. "Some day you will marry that nice fellow, Samuel Ormsby, and then you will not need to study."

Alice flushed up at her brother's remark.

"I am very sorry you have taken such an erroneous notion into your head, Edmund," said she. "Let me assure you that Mr. Ormsby and myself are on friendly terms, and nothing more. Nor even will be," added she, mentally, with a sigh that she dared not permit to escape her.

It was a sigh which carried with it a good deal of hidden heart-grief. For in reality Alice Merton loved Samuel Ormsby with deep devotion; but she was inwardly persuaded that he cared nothing whatever for her, and that he would either not marry at all, or else choose a wife very brilliant and accomplished.

"And I am quiet; I should never make a figure in society. Once I thought he cared for me! how foolish it was to have had such dreams!"

She had known Mr. Ormsby for two years now. He had bought a very charming property in the neighborhood, and lived about six miles from Dr. Merton's residence, having brought his mother and two sisters to make their home with him.

"The handsome Mr. Ormsby," as some of the young ladies styled him, was much sought after by all the families in the neighborhood, and Alice met him continually at dinner-parties, dances, and lawn-tennis matches. And he appeared to have great delight in meeting her on every occasion, till one fatal day when a cousin of the Merton's came down to pay them a visit.

This cousin was a young surgeon beginning a practice in a London suburb; but one August brought a short holiday, and he had run down to see his cousins in the country.

Charmed with the picturesque place, overflowing with good spirits, the young man thoroughly enjoyed himself, and was proud to escort Alice to an archery, dance, and tennis party. Mrs. Merton, too, had given a garden-party during the young surgeon's visit, and many people, amongst others the Ormsbys, had remarked his attentions to Alice.

It was from this date that Samuel Ormsby's interest in Miss Merton appeared to cool; and a cold chill fell upon the girl's hitherto sunny existence—for her own heart had made life bright for her, despite her busy days, so full often of duties uninteresting to one of her bent.

Poor Alice! she wept now often when she was alone, instead of smiling: but there dawned a day when she became conscious that she must have to weep for other sorrow than the loss of Samuel Ormsby's affection, for she perceived that her brother was very unhappy, and that he tried to conceal his unhappiness.

Why did she not ask him plainly what it was which troubled him? She did so, often; but he always evaded her question, answering either that she was full of fancies, or that in a profession such as his it was impossible not to feel troubled sometimes. But Alice was not satisfied, although she had not yet had the courage to add, "Oh, Edmund, is it that you are in debt?"

The real state of the case was worse than Alice anticipated, for five years ago, under stress of circumstances, the doctor had borrowed that three hundred pounds for which he had become surety, and which he had suddenly found himself called on to pay, since which he had managed to meet the ruinous interest demanded; but the principal remained unpaid, and debts which should have been discharged when due had been suffered to accumulate because the money was needed to pay a debt never incurred by the doctor. If he had only told his wife, things might have been better; but he always kept silence, vainly hoping that he could refund the debt before he spoke of the transaction which had cost him so much pain.

One evening it chanced that Alice and her brother were alone together—a thing which did not often happen—but to-night Mrs. Merton was spending a few hours at the vicarage, and the children were gone up to bed. Both brother and sister held a book in their hands, and appeared to be reading, but, in truth, the thoughts of each were busy and sad, taking no heed of the page before them.

All at once, as Alice cast a furtive glance at her brother's care-worn face, she met his gaze fixed on her, full of tender anxiety. In an instant she defined that some crisis in his grief had arrived—that he would speak out now, and confide to her his secret trouble; and throwing aside her book, she sank on her knees by his side, pressing one of his hands in hers, and repeating:

"Edmund, tell me what it is! There is something which is eating away your life!"

And he, overmastered by his sorrow and the knowledge that he could no longer hide it, said, in a broken voice:

"Yes, Alice, I am wretched!"

"And why?" she continued. "Oh! let me help you, whatever it is, dear Edmund!"

"You, Alice?" said he, with a wan smile. "It is not you who could help me in such a crisis as this. And it is I who ought to help you. But I have been weak, foolish, not careful enough, and my working expenses are heavy. Oh! Alice, we shall have to move into a small house, and my wife must teach the girls. How shall I tell her? For we are terribly in debt, and ruin stares me in the face. Think what I feel when I have to say to you, my own sister, that you will have to go out and teach under another roof than mine!"

The doctor, as he finished in a voice choked with emotion, was not surprised to see tears on his sister's face; but he certainly was astonished to perceive the sort of rapture in her eyes.

"How much—how much do you owe, Edmund?" she cried, eagerly.

"Hundreds, Alice; and I can no longer hide my secret from the world. With our move into a smaller house the practice will be certain to go down, and then what is to become of the children?"

"But how much do you owe, Edmund?" panted Alice, her lips apart.

"How much?" re-echoed the stricken man. "So large a sum that nothing but a miracle could save me, and miracles are not wrought in our time, especially for mortals such as I."

"Who knows?" gasped Alice, standing before him with sparkling eyes. "How much do you owe, Edmund?"

"Seven hundred pounds!" said he, with a groan.

"Then you are saved, dearest brother!" cried she, throwing her arms round his neck and kissing his forehead. "Yes, saved, for I have put by eight hundred pounds, and it is all at your disposal—every penny!"

"You—you, Alice?" murmured the bewildered man, not daring to trust in what he heard.

"Yes, I, Edmund," she answered, clinging to him lovingly. "All the six years I have lived with you I have put seventy pounds every year into the bank out of the hundred you allowed me. There is more than four hundred pounds. And the rest I have made by writing articles and stories for different magazines; and once I illustrated a book. There is the secret of my early rising or late going to bed. Oh, dear Edmund, I meant to have kept silence till I had saved a thousand pounds; but now is the time to break silence. I will fetch you my banking-book directly." And she darted from the room, only to return with proofs of her ability to take him safely over the top of that great wave which had been about to overwhelm them all.

* * * * *

Only a comparatively few hours had passed since the above had transpired, but all his patients noticed that the doctor went about like a new man. And before nightfall of the second day after every tradesman was paid, and every farthing the doctor owed; and Alice had settled to go and teach Lady Wittington's two daughters.

"The position offers itself," said she. "I must earn money, dear Edmund, and I should be culpable to refuse."

She did not add that she had heard that Mr. Ormsby was just engaged to be married, and that it was also better that she should not meet him again. And soon all the neighborhood rang with the news that the beautiful Miss Merton, the doctor's sister, was going out as a governess.

"I am glad, for I was afraid at one time that you meant to propose to her, Samuel," said his elder sister.

"What!" replied he. "Is she really going to teach Lady Wittington's daughters? I thought she was to marry that handsome cousin of hers the surgeon? He said he was engaged to her, and that he and she had settled to get married ever since he could remember anything."

"That is a good thing" said Miss Ormsby, coldly.

"A good thing?" returned her brother. "But her cousin would never let her go out to teach if she was engaged to him; and I, now I see a chance of winning her, will try to do so with my whole strength and will. She is the most fascinating, the most lovely girl I ever met! I have not dared to trust myself to see her lately, but now I have hope again."

And this is how it was that Samuel Ormsby went wooing to beautiful Alice Merton, and that she consented to become his wife instead of going to teach Lady Wittington's daughters. And you may be sure that he did not value his fair bride the less when he learned from Dr. Merton why it was she came to him penniless, and that the careless young surgeon who had repeated unmeaningly to a gossiping lady a childish promise of his cousin Alice to marry him, did not soon pardon himself for having been the cause of separating two loving hearts who would have remained for ever divided but for the doctor's great trouble and his sister's unselfish affection.

Our Young Folks.

THE LEGEND OF THE REEDS.

BY ANSLEY H. BALDWIN.

What are the river reeds whispering,
In music so sweet and low?
Ah, these are the words they murmur,
"My tale would you like to know?"

"O reeds by the shining water,
I'll listen all day, all day,
If you will tell me your story
Whilst the river rolls away."

Spake the reed—"I'm a maid named Syrinx,
And there once lived a god named Pan;
He liked me, but I didn't like him,
So away to the woods I ran.

"I ran very swiftly, but swifter
The rough god Pan did pursue,
Then I cried to the gods, on Olympus,
'There are none to help me but you!'

"I came to a shining river,
And thirsty I stooped to drink,
And the kindly gods changed me into
A reed on the river's brink.

"Then Pan grew quite melancholy,
And gathered the reeds, and made
A pipe; and he thought of me ever
When he on his pan-pipes played."

LIVING IN A HOLE.

BY JULIA A. GODDARD.

I TELL you it's only a traveler's tale. I don't believe it a bit. Yonder saucy tuft of trumpet lichen is puffed up because he can see farther than his neighbors, and talks tall-talk that no sober grey-beard will ever believe. We were *always* grey. Don't tell me you see yellow, nay, *golden* lichen on the rocks beyond. Tell it to the Marines!"

"I dont care what you say," blew out the ill-mannered trumpet lichen; "I can see farther than you. This little hole is *not* all the world!"

"Do you hear him?" said the venerable tuft of grey lichen, to another by his side that had stood the blasts of many a winter. "We are come to a pretty pass, to be taught by such babes. Come, I will tell you some things that are true—which happened here some long years since. That will show you I am not narrow-minded, and that I know more than you think. The world is made up of rocks and sea. The sea is down below. The rock was made for grey-lichen, and the sea for fishes. You hear the sea talking down below, in a growling way. Sometimes we get splashed by it; but once, a long time ago, there was a great storm, an awful storm, and the sea came sweeping over us. Oh, it makes me shiver now to think of it! Well, we were blown about and almost uprooted by the rude wind, and suddenly there was a great roaring, and a swish and a swash, and I and my neighbors were half drowned by a big wave. Yes, and this dear beautiful hole of ours was filled with water, in which were swimming some strange creatures I afterwards found were called fish."

"'Hey day,' I heard one say to the other, 'that was a whopper. I scarcely know whether I was on my head or my tail. What is the matter with the sea to-day? It's boiling over, I suppose! I wish old Neptune would look after his pot!'

"'It is what is called a high tide,' said another, 'and I fear we are left here to die!'

"'Nonsense,' said the first fish, 'I am very comfortable if you will only keep out of my way. There isn't much room to be sure, but there's nothing here bigger than ourselves. I must say I rather like it. I say, old grey beard,' said the rude creature to me, 'move out of the way, will you, there's no room for you here.'

"'No, Sir,' said I alarmed at his rough speech, 'I beg your pardon, but I can't. I belong to a sober family, and I am not in the habit of twirling about as you are doing, I don't see the use of it.'

"'I didn't ask you for your opinion of my conduct, Mr. What's-your-name! But seeing you are so fond of talking, perhaps you'll tell me what your name is?'

"'It is exactly what I was going to ask. Who, in the name of fortune, may you be?'

"'He's nobody in particular when he's at home,' said the other fish. 'There are other fish in the sea besides him,' and he laughed fit to split his fins. "Poor old grey beard. You think this little hole is all the world. Let me tell you the sea is a hole ten thousand times bigger. Now you know more than many of your neighbors.'

"There was another swish-swash, and the fishes were washed away, but a little pool of water was left here for many a day, till at last the sun dried it up. So now, young bouster, you see I know everything. It is no use telling me of your fine discoveries. I know more than my neigbors."

"And you expect me to believe that long yarn of yours, I suppose?" said the tall trumpet. "I believe it's a make up from beginning to end. Seeing's believing. Now I can see the golden lichen, and it is worth seeing, I can tell you. I am quite ashamed of my shabby grey coat beside it."

Darkness came on or the rock where these tufts of grey lichen grew, and silence too, till the rosy morning sun-light lit up its granite peaks, and made it glisten gaily; and showed too, near, quite near to the unbelieving tuft of lichen, a tiny yellow speck. It grew, and grew, and grew; and the old grey lichen looked suspiciously and silently at it. Still it grew; and one morning the sun rose upon a patch of golden lichen as big as old grey beard himself.

"Perhaps you'll believe me now," said the tall trumpet tuft from the top of the hole; "what is *that* but golden lichen?"

"Well, I confess you were right," said the tuft from below. "Now, then, perhaps you'll believe me."

"That's quite another thing. Seeing is believing, I've been told, but your fine rigmarole about things I've never seen, I must decline to credit."

Time went on, and the nook in the granite rock became golden with orange-tinted lichen, a seed, too, of pink thrift was wafted from the cliff above, and took root and grew till a big clump crowned with rosy blossoms filled up half the cleft.

The grey lichen was humbled, and said meekly, "I see there *are* other things than grey lichen, and this nook is not all the world."

The pink thrift flourished; and as it became more accustomed to its lonely home it also found a voice.

"How beautiful you are," said the grey lichen, one day when the sunshine had warmed it, and the rosy balls of the thrift, tossed about by the wind, had more than once struck softly the grey, dried-up tuft.

"You are the most beautiful thing in the world."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the thrift, "you think this hole is the world. My grizzly friend, if you think me beautiful, what would you say to the rose and the violet, to the carnation and the lily?"

"The what?" said the lichen, stupidly.

"I am talking of lovely flowers that grow up in the world," answered the thrift.

"The world—why this is the world—and it is a thing quite impossible that there can be anything more beautiful than you are!" and the lichen shook his stiff grey beard.

"Ha, ha, ha," again laughed out the young thrift pleasantly. "Why, old grizzle, up in the garden where my blossoms grew, and from whence my seed was wafted, I was nobody; just a humble little useful servant called thrift. I grew in a sailor's garden, and I edged the borders which were full of gay and beautiful flowers, among which I was despised and *nobody*."

"You will never make me believe that," said the lichen, as a pink ball bounded against his bristly breast. "You are the most beautiful creature that ever lived, and the fish, and the sea, and this hole are the world."

"See here, Lewis, here's a lovely root of thrift, it will do to border my garden; lend me your spade, I will take it home," said a sweet young voice close by.

And the little hole was suddenly overshadowed by a fair child, with waxen skin and golden hair; and a fat hand loosened the thrift from the rock and placed it in a basket.

The inhabitants of the hole were aghast—even the saucy trumpets shook with fear.

"Yes," said another voice, "and I will take this grey lichen for my grotto. I am going to cover it with shells and grey lichen. See how beautiful it is!"

A thrill of pleasure passed over the dried-up tuft at these words. Each discovery of beauty had yet more and more discouraged the colorless adornment of the rocks, and made him feel himself to be unattractive and ugly. "Yes, mixed with these pink shells it will look lovely, and what a beautiful tuft it is, all silvery and gray, and soft. We will go home now, and I will border my garden with thrift, while you make your grotto. I wonder why this flower is called thrift?"

"Just because it makes the most of what it has, only a nook in the rock and a few grains of earth in a crevice. On so little it lives, and yet looks gay and well-to-do and charming."

"Yes, I think the thrift deserves as much honor as the rose and the lily who are petted and cared for and have so much attention bestowed upon them."

"Yes, the thrift and the lichen adorn the cavern and the lonely rock, which, but for them, would be bare and naked. They do a good little work of their own," said the boy.

That evening the thrift was planted carefully round the gay border in Grace's garden, and the grotto was placed near enough for the lichen, which adorned its porch, to whisper:—

"Ah, thrift, my dear friend, the world is bigger than I thought, and more beautiful than I ever conceived. I would not believe there was golden lichen, or flowers other than yourself. I thought our hole was the world. Now I see we go on discovering more, and yet more beautiful things if we believe. And if there are beautiful things, of which we never dreamt when we lived in our hole, may there not be more beautiful and more marvellous things yet beyond?"

There was a bower near the garden, and in it the children were reading an allegory aloud; and as the flower ceased speaking, these words were heard:—

"We only see a little way now. There are beautiful undiscovered lands beyond, which it will take all eternity to know. There are songs, and colors, and flowers of joy there, of which we know nothing here. The more we know, the less we feel we know."

"Ah, it is the same with the children, too," said the lichen, "they do not know all. They live in a hole."

CHICAGO has a barber shop the floor tiles of which are joined at the corners by genuine silver dollars.

BEHIND THE VEIL.

BY R. LINWOOD SMITH.

I AM a woman-hater. I date my woman-hating tendencies from the time Miss Emma Talbot was placed under my care, during a trip from Liverpool to the Isle of Man.

She had been staying with her aunt near Derby for several months.

Her brother, Harry, was one of the gayest and most reckless fellows in the place. It was through him that I became acquainted with his sister.

She was a lovely blonde, and knew how to show her beauty to the best advantage.

Of course I fell in love with her directly, and was led to believe that she did not dislike me, until she told me of her intention to return to the Isle of Man, and that her cousins, three mischief-loving girls, were coming to take her back with them.

I never saw such girls. The youngest especially distinguished herself the day after her arrival, by getting her time-honored aunt on the top of a rock, which could only be reached by a ladder.

While her aunt was enjoying the view, Kitty accidentally knocked the ladder down and walked off as unconcernedly as if nothing had happened.

It was not until an hour or two after, while I was pouring a flood of eloquence into her listening ear, that she started up, interrupting one of my best metaphors, and exclaimed, "I wonder if aunt Talbot has gone home yet?"

And she started off on a run to release the poor woman from her captivity.

I determined to make a formal declaration of love on the trip home—not to the imp of mischief, Kitty, but Emma Talbot; for, thought I, the poor thing is so desperately in love with me that I really must marry her or she will go crazy. Such things have happened.

So, after innumerable boxes and trunks were safely on board, my beloved Emma promised to go on deck with me.

I will here mention that Harry Talbot (who was escorting the three cousins) and my peerless Emma were twins, and, as a natural consequence, looked very much alike, the more so as Emma wore her hair in short curls.

Before coming on deck, she had some alteration to make in her toilet: so I went up to see if there was any place where I could gain her promise to love and obey me, etc.

I found her waiting for me: but I was surprised to find her wrapped up with a thick veil over her face.

I requested Emma to take off that unbecoming veil: but before she could answer, Kitty said she had a sudden attack of neuralgia, and must keep it on for fear of getting more cold.

I made no ado, but took her to the deck. As we passed I imagined I heard the sound of smothered laughter several times, but immediately thought it must be something in connection with the working of the steamer.

I led her to a seat, where we had a fine view of the river, and seated myself in my most graceful attitude. I had practised it before starting until I had learnt it perfectly.

She seemed to know what was coming, for she was very quiet.

"Now," thought I, "is the time."

So I commenced.

"Emma, these waters remind me of life; sometimes it glides smoothly, and sometimes it is disturbed by storms. Emma——"

And here I stopped, having forgotten the next clause.

I felt in my breast-pocket for my speech. It wasn't there, nor in any other of my pockets. I must have mislaid it.

Suddenly I remembered having read in some novel that deeds were better than words; taking her neatly-gloved hand in mine, I commenced at the next part of my speech that I remembered.

"Emma, dearest angel, you love me, and I am happy."

Here she gave a sob.

"Loveliest of woman, you do not deny it. Will you be my mate? For I am a poor lost dove, waiting for a kindred spirit to cherish until death."

At this interesting point she became very much affected, for she put her handkerchief under her veil, and sobbed aloud.

When she stopped, I continued.

"Emma, my own beautiful dove, will you promise to love me always?"

I heard a very faint "Yes," from under that odious veil; yet it was distinct enough for me to hear. I took her hand. She did not resist.

"Dear, devoted one," said I, in an irresistably sweet voice, "will you not give me one token of your love? Will you not grant me one kiss from those lips that vie with the cherry in sweetness and beauty?"

"Yes, love," was all I could hear; but that was enough.

I tore aside that hateful veil (she had kept it down during the whole affair) and beheld—Harry Talbot!

There was no mistake, for he sat laughing as though he'd go into hysterics.

I rushed towards the door, and there I met with such a reception as I never was honored with before.

The whole ship's crew were there, who had been kept from going outside while I was making that declaration of love to a man!

Kitty, just before the boat landed handed me my written declaration, which she had picked up somewhere, saying, as she did so, that, "she thought she had better return it, as I might have occasion to use it again."

Now, reader, do you blame me for hating women?

THE OPOSSUM.

How many young people ever went opossum hunting? In the wooded western, middle and Southern States this is a favorite amusements of the country boys, black and white. Sometimes the girls go out, too, along with their brothers and fathers. Of moonlight nights, with some lively dogs and a lot of lively boys, there is fun. Boys are occasionally willing to tramp the woods all night, over hill and valley, and wade creeks 'possum hunting, when it almost kills them to work madly in the cornfield half a day.

The opossum is a strange animal in some respects. Even the young people who have often seen it hardly know how peculiar it is. To begin, it is a marsupial. What does that mean? Listen: The Latin word "marsupium" means a bag. The female opossum has a bunch of folds of skin upon the under part of her body, just in front of her hind legs. In this bag she carries her babies until they are old enough to take care of themselves. When first born they are blind, weak, and as helpless as a human baby. So she carries them in the leather pouch, snug and warm.

After awhile the little ones get too large for the pouch. But their wise mother knows just where to put them then. She remembers what her mother did with her when she was an infant. The opossum has what is called a prehensile tail. "Prehensile" means able to take hold of. The opossum tail is long, strong and hairless. At the end it can curl around and catch hold of anything exactly as you curve your fingers to grasp something. You have seen monkeys hang by their tails in cages? Well that is the sort of a tail the opossum has. It can swing from branch to branch of a tree by its tail. When the young opossums outgrow their leather cradle their mother lets them out. She bends her own long, strong tail up over her back. Then she says to her children:

"Hitch on!"

The little things scamper up on her back. They curl their own little tails around her big one, exactly as a child clings with its fingers around one's neck. Then away they go, a jolly family, with a row of little tails curled around a big one.

Madame Opossum never leaves her children at home to burn themselves up or get into mischief when she goes visiting, but, like a careful mamma, she takes them with her.

You have heard the expression, "Playing 'possum." When this animal is caught it will curl itself up and pretend to be dead. Though knocked about and moved it will keep perfectly still, as though there was not a breath of life in it. But if you let it alone, and go away and leave it, the creature will scamper off to the woods in a hurry. It is not very much dead.

The opposum looks something like a pig in the face and in the shape of its body. It is about as high as a large cat, but much heavier. It is covered with long, grayish fur. You would know one from this description if you were to see it. You would recognize the long, hairless, hooked tail, that is something like the stiff lash of a whip.

The flesh of the animal is good for food. It tastes something like young pig. White people, however, are not fond of it. But to the negro nothing tastes much better than nice, fat, baked 'possum.

THE CAMELLIA.—Ferdinand VI. of Spain, while suffering under the hereditary melancholy from which he subsequently died, was pacing to and fro one December day in the year 1739, in his bedroom in the Palace Royal of Madrid. He was interrupted by the entrance of Maria Theresa, his queen, who bounded gayly into the room. In her hand she held a flower of dazzling whiteness, which she presented to her husband. "A beautiful flower, but scentless," exclaimed the king, folding in his arms the wife whom he passionately loved. "It is the new flower of the Philippines," said the queen. "I have kept the best for you." The flower which Maria Theresa brought to her husband a century and a half ago had been presented to her the previous day by a Jesuit missionary just returned from the Indies. Craving an audience from his sovereign, he brought his offering, a small shrub with glossy green leaves, on which blossomed two magnificent white flowers, and which he had brought from the island of Luzon, one of the Philippine group. It was about three feet in height, and grew in a vase of mother-of-pearl. The Jesuit donor was named Camellia, and the new flower was called after him Camellia. Cuttings from the rare shrub were carefully cultivated in the hothouses of El Buen Retiro at Madrid. Though it was introduced into Spain toward the end of 1739, the new flower of Father Camellia remained for a long time in a state of semi-obscurity, as the possessors jealously guarded it lest it should become common. But the monopoly was gradually relaxed, and the camellia now blooms nearly as universally as other beautiful ornaments of the flower garden.

CARE OF PLANTS.—All smooth-leaved plants, like the ivy, camellias, etc.; should have a weekly washing with a damp sponge. The others may be placed in a sink or bath-tub, and given a thorough showering. Water should be given as needed, whether daily or weekly. Do not water until the soil is somewhat dry. Keeping the earth constantly wet soon makes unhealthy plants. Let the water be of the same temperature as the room. Hanging plants dry out rapidly.

THE EXILE.

BY RITA.

"Say, foreign bird of mournful mien, with sadness in thy singing,
Where is the nest thou lovest best, say, whither art thou winging?"
"I have no nest; in sad unrest unceasingly I roam,
Yet case of mind may never find, nor gain a happy home.
Of old I had a fatherland, in youth's delightful days,
And led a life of golden hope amid the myrtle sprays;
My roundelay the livelong day I chanted to my mate,
And deemed a love so strong as ours might well o'ermaster fate.
When suddenly down swooped a hawk, and dead before my eyes
The light of all my life struck dead in those fell talons lies.
Since then, bereft of hope and home, and, partnerless, and lone,
A lonely exile have I strayed beneath an alien sun;
With drooping wings and weary frame, hither and thither cast
From shore to shore, by random chance or by the driving blast,
Until, my toilsome wand'rings o'er, I reach the silent gate,
Whereunto all created things must come, or soon or late,—
The cruel hawk, the little bird, his unoffending prey;
For ev'n this wondrous universe must thither pass away."

THINGS UNPLEASANT.

THE largest tarantula I ever saw paid me a visit one evening, says a writer from one of the Bahama Islands, in the West Indies, and walked into the parlor without waiting to be announced. Several gentlemen were spending the evening with me, and we were thinking about anything but spiders, when somebody exclaimed:

"There's a ground spider!" If a hand grenade had come through the ceiling and dropped on the floor none of us could have been on our feet quicker. Everybody jumped back two or three feet, for the beast was right in our midst. He was on the floor at our feet, not a yard away from any of us, and had walked in as unconcernedly as possible. He was, without any exaggeration, as large as the crown of a man's hat. His legs looked as thick as the neck of a small bottle, and they were covered with coal black hairs, some of which were more than an inch long.

Fortunately I was following a custom at that time of leaving the floor uncarpeted, and we had no trouble to see him against the light colored boards. There was immediately a rush for walking-sticks and umbrellas to fight him with; but one gentleman, with great presence of mind, picked up a large ottoman that stood near and threw it at him. That one shot put an end to the tarantula's career.

I don't know whether he was a grandfather spider, or why he was so large; but he was big enough to make anybody—even people used to seeing them—shudder to look at him. He was soft, and the ottoman left nothing on him but a big spot on the floor larger than the rim of a hat, and a little heap of black hair and legs. He was too badly used up to be kept for a curiosity, so we pitched him out and went on with the conversation. The other gentlemen did not consider him a particularly large one, but he was much larger than any I saw in Arkansas or anywhere else, and I have never seen as large a specimen in Nassau since.

The centipede's poison lies in his claws. There is a bent and very sharp claw at the end of each leg which sticks into the flesh, and if he gets one of these claws into you he quickly pulls himself up upon your hand, or whatever part of you he has hold of, and sets in the rest. I have talked with people who have been poisoned by centipedes, and they describe the sensation as anything but pleasant. He has not, of course, a hundred legs, but he has a great many, and makes them all count.

One gentleman in Nassau described to me a thrilling encounter he had with a centipede. On going to bed one night he put on that long white linen garment which is so comforting to the senses in a hot climate, and it did not take him long to discover that there was something in it. A moment later a centipede was fastened to his back, and the gentleman was trying to tear the linen off with as little delay as possible. The centipede by this time had given up all claim to the linen, but held on to the back for dear life. They stick very tightly, having to be almost torn off; and the gentleman had to call for help to have him pulled off. By the time assistance arrived the insect had crawled a foot or two up his victim's back, leaving a fiery red mark wherever a claw had touched. And all this time the gentleman was enjoying the sensation of having a hundred hot needles run into him.

From this, and some similar experiences, it is quite fashionable in the tropics to shake your clothes well before putting them on. I remember a lady—a new arrival at the hotel—asking me one day whether I hung up my shoes at night to keep the insects out of them.

A full-grown scorpion is from two to five and a half inches long, and his color is a sort of ashy gray. He has eight legs, upon all of which minute hairs grow, and his tail is much longer than there is any necessity for, considering the size of his body. The tail is, in fact, only a continuation of his body, and I have included that in measuring his length. It is at the end of his tail that he carries his venomous sting, and when he curls up his body into a semicircle, and brings that lively end of his tail to bear upon an enemy, the enemy cannot drop him too soon. His body is nowhere as thick as a leadpencil, but at the head it branches out into claws, or horns, or additional legs, whichever you like to call them, so that in shape he is somewhat like a tack hammer. He is shaped very much like a hammer-headed shark, only hammer-headed sharks are not familiar enough in northern waters to serve for an illustration. He is a creature of mold and slime like the snail. Let an old box lie on the ground, particularly in a moist place, till the bottom board begins to decay, and your scorpion trap is ready. When you want your game lift up your box and there is your scorpion. But be careful to take hold of the box near the top, and not get your fingers in his way; for the scorpion is very rapid in his motions, and he will give you a sting before you know it. When he strikes you with the end of his tail, like a wasp, he exudes a venomous liquid, and a man might better hold a red-hot iron in his hand than get the tenth part of a drop of this liquid into his blood. It is not necessarily fatal, particularly in the Bahamas; but it condenses the heat of forty furnaces.

Grains of Gold.

Every vice fights against virtue.

Without a rich heart wealth is an ugly beggar.

Counterfeit piety can never bring in true pleasure.

Services and kindness neglected make friendship suspected.

Our vices are like our nails. Even as we cut them they grow again.

Such as are careless of themselves are seldom mindful of others.

If tradesmen make their weights lighter they make their sins heavier.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles.

If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?

It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

Of all commentaries upon the Scriptures, good examples are the best and the liveliest.

The fear that prevents hearing, and the bigotry that shuns seeing, enslaves and blights.

Patience is a very easy thing to talk about, but hard enough to practice for the best of us.

It is unbecoming the character of a wise man to commit the fault for which he reproves others.

Fortune lost, nothing lost; courage lost, much lost; honor lost, more lost; soul lost, all lost.

Don't put away your religion in the pockets of your Sunday clothes; you have need of it every day.

Whenever the good done to us does not touch and penetrate the heart, it wounds and irritates our vanity.

The value of any possession may be chiefly estimated by the relief it can afford us in our time of greatest need.

There is no remorse so deep as that which is unavailing: if we would be spared its pains, let us remember this in time.

No man can honestly ask to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

We should endeavor to purchase the good will of all men, and quarrel with no man needlessly; since any man's love may be useful, and every man's hatred is dangerous.

One effect of resisting inclination in the exercise of judgment, is to prevent hasty decisions. There are emergencies when rapid judgments must be made and speedy action must follow; but it is likely the larger number of conclusions would be improved by delay.

Femininities.

Quill pens are again becoming fashionable.

The salary of a lady in waiting to Queen Victoria is $2,500 a year.

Color-blindness is said to be ten times as common in the male sex as in the female.

It does not cost much to get married in New Jersey. The license fee is only twelve cents.

An Indian doctress pulls teeth to the music of a German band, in a Cincinnati, O., saloon.

A "middle-aged girl" recently advertised for a situation. Soon we expect to hear of "youthful octogenarians."

A Chinese woman, with feet only three inches long, passed through Pittsburg en route for Washington, a few days ago.

Representatives of five generations were present at a party given recently by a Tennessee woman in honor of her 93d birthday.

Ten million dollars' worth of corsets were sold in the United States last year. That's a good deal of money gone to waist.

Housekeepers should understand housekeeping. The most unreasonable mistresses are those who do not know what they want.

"Glucose," observes a Boston paper, "is about three-fifths as sweet as cane sugar, and about one-fifth as sweet as the average Boston maiden."

A Polish woman living in Schenectady, N. Y., has become afflicted with insanity, which manifests itself in a desire to kiss every person she meets.

A fox hunt after breakfast, in compliment to the bride, who is a fine equestrienne, is to be indulged in by the principals and guests at a wedding to take place in New York.

Mark Twain told the Vassar College students that his usual price for a reading was $500, but that there he was quite satisfied to take 50 cents, and get the other $499.50 looking at the girls.

An epitaph, which reads as follows, is among those in a Keesville, N. Y., cemetery:

Here lies the bodies of two sisters dear—
One's buried in Ireland—the other lies here.

A couple who had been married for thirty-three years, was divorced recently in Pittsfield, Mass., while in four other cases exactly a quarter of a century had elapsed since the nuptials were tied.

"My dear," asked Mrs. Wiggs of Mrs Digge, "Can you tell me why they call them tourniures?" "Yes," was the reply, "it is because you have to tourniure head around to see how it hangs."

A thirty-year-old resident of Starksboro, Vt., while washing the dishes, a few days ago, announced to her five children that she thought she was dying, and laid down upon a bed, where she expired almost immediately.

Two girls out in Sacramento, Cal., who thought it would be fun to black their faces, unfortunately got a coloring preparation that won't wash off. It acts like dye on the skin, and chemists say it will probably not wear off for months.

A farmer and his wife went into a dentist's. "How much do you charge for filling teeth?" asked the farmer. "From $2 to $5." "And for pulling?" "Fifty cents." "Marier," he said, turning to his wife, "you'd better get it pulled."

Decoration Day was originated in 1862 at Arlington, it is said, by Mrs. Sarah J. Evans, who went with her husband into the Union army, a year after their marriage, and remained until the end of the war, ministering to the wounded and dying.

Three Canadian ladies, after soliciting funds for several years, are now collecting girls between the ages of three and thirteen years from some of the worst quarters of London and bringing them to Canada, where they are provided with homes in the country.

Of the 50,000 postmasters' reports which are sent to the department in Washington, the second best in point of style and accuracy, is said to be by a lady. And yet there are men who continue to insist that women cannot, and will not, ever learn business ways of doing business.

In a Boston store window are five pairs of shoes which look as if they had been made for as many giants. They are thirteen inches long by five inches wide, and are manufactured of stout pebble grain leather. The order for them came from Nashville, Tenn., and they are said to be intended for a mother and four daughters.

One Chicago girl should have a medal from the Society for the Prevention of Crime. The other night a young North side tough crawled into her room through an open window, and she grappled with him; and after choking three rings out of his mouth, where he had concealed them, handed the burglarious intruder over to the police.

A medical man advises the disuse of feather dusters, and advises the use of a cloth to wipe away dust. He asks: "Do you know what you are doing when you brush dust away? You disseminate in the air, and consequently introduce into your own interior, into your tissues and respiratory organs, all sorts of eggs, spores, epidemic germs, and murderous vibriones which dust contains."

The etiquette of hand-shaking is simple. No man should assume to take a lady's hand till it is offered. A lady extends her hand and allows the gentleman to take it. On introduction in a room, a married lady generally shakes hands; young ladies not often. In the ball room, where the introduction is for dancing, not for friendship, never shake hands. The more public the place of introduction the less hand-shaking takes place.

She had a voice like a siren, and when she sang:

"Mid play sure and pal aces, though beam a Rome,
Be it avere, oh wam buli there, snow play sly com;
H, arm from theek eyes eam stew wallow a sheer,
Which seek through the whirl disnevra et twithel swear!"

there wasn't a dry eye in the tabernacle, but if the programme hadn't said in clear, unmistakable print that she was going to sing "Sweet Home," a man might have thought his teeth loose without even guessing it.

Masculinities.

The ungloved gentleman is no longer considered correct by society.

Where one man gets weary hunting for rest, ten get tired hunting for pleasure.

Senator Pendleton's father was Alexander Hamilton's second in the latter's duel with Aaron Burr.

An enterprising Creole of New Orleans is said to have had 300 articles rejected before one was published.

Among catfish it is not the mother fish which takes care of the eggs and young, but the male or father fish.

Asbestos as a lining for men's hats is a new idea. Being a non-conductor of heat, the advantage is apparent.

An athlete advises stair-climbers not to hurry nor to spring from stair to stair. They should step firmly, leisurely, and keep erect.

Beecher says that the book of Revelations was written for Orientals, and that it is "only here and there a white man can understand it."

Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, has reigned for fifty-three years—longer than any other living sovereign. He was but six years old when called to the throne.

A clergyman, slightly beyond two score and ten, and a miss 18 years old, were married, in Trenton, a few days ago. The bride's parents, it is said, consented to the union.

A smile went round the Supreme Court room the other day when a bachelor judge announced that for the rest of the term the court would probably be consecrated to divorce.

A woman in Wilton, Conn., and her husband recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. Her first two husbands died shortly after entering the bans of matrimony.

Take your children yourself, if you think it right, to places of amusement: let them associate you with their enjoyments; when they are parents themselves the memory of it will influence them in the treatment of their children.

Cleveland has a policeman who patrols his beat fast asleep. Sometimes he gets beyond his beat, and occasionally he comes into collision with an open gate. He manages to turn the corners all right, and is the marvel and envy of the force.

Edwards Pierrepont once wrote to his son: "You may be invited to a ball or dinner because you dance or tell a good story; but no one since the time of Queen Elizabeth has been made a Cabinet Minister or a Lord Chancellor for any such reasons."

Two negroes of Wheeling, W. Va., had an affair of "honor" the other night, and engaged in a butting duel. After fourteen rounds, in each of which their heads crashed together like rocks, they were satisfied, both being covered with blood and severely wounded.

Foreign missionaries, according to a paragraph that has been obtaining extended currency, sometimes manage to become wealthy, and the case of Rev. Mr. Langham, a Wesleyan missionary, who owns nearly all of the city of Leowka (Fiji Islands) is cited as an example.

The Russian soldier in the field is a man of many virtues. At home, in peace, indeed, he has but one vice to speak of. He will get drunk when he can, and keep drunk as long as he can. He is docile by nature, and he obeys his officer, whom, indeed, he addresses as "little father," as if he were merely a child.

A wedding was delayed in a neighboring city, recently, on account of the absence of the clergyman who had been invited to perform the ceremony, and inquiry developed the fact that the letter in which the clergyman had been invited to tie the knot was so undecipherable to the recipient that he had been unable to make out the signature.

An innocent man, after serving since February, 1884, under an eight years' sentence in the Massachusetts State Prison, has just been pardoned by the Governor of that State. He was convicted of having assaulted a child, but the latter recently confessed that her testimony was false, and contrived for the purpose of excusing a case of truancy.

A young man may be too ingenious for his own good—as, for example, the fellow in Jackson, Conn., whose duty it was to lead the extra street car horse back from the top of the hill, ready to assist the next car. He trained the animal to return on his own accord and place himself in position for the next trip; and now his services have been dispensed with.

Six of a family of twelve children of a Kansas man, although somewhat up in years, are as yet without Christian names, being designated by numbers. The father's idea is to let the children grow up to the age of reason, and then choose names satisfactory to themselves, so that they will not be compelled to go through life with ones fastened to them that they dislike.

"How," said a gentleman to a friend who wished to convey a matter of importance to a lady without communicating directly with her, "how can you be certain of her reading the letter, seeing that you have directed it to her husband?" "That I have managed without the possibility of failure," was the answer; "she will open it to a certainty, for I have put the word 'private' in the corner.

It ought to be generally known that a man's hat will serve in most cases as a temporary life preserver to those in danger of drowning. When a person finds himself in the water he should lay hold of his hat between his hands, keeping the crown close under his chin and the mouth of the hat under water. The quantity of air contained in the cavity of the hat will keep the head above water for a long time—sometimes for several hours.

A vicar of Deptford, England, had for several years had his sermons written by the wife of a fireman in a manufactory of the place, for which he paid nothing, simply promising that he would remember the sermon-writer in his will. The other day he died, leaving no will, and now the fireman's clever wife sues for $500, affirming in her charge that she "had to select the subjects and texts, and then out of five family Bibles, by different authors, she collected the notes, references and authorities and set them in order."

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Modes, Materials and Methods at Metropolitan Centres.

The modes and the moods of May do not assimilate.

The weather still presents a cold shoulder, and the atmospheres swing round a circle of ceaseless change.

Trains are obligatory for dressy indoor toilets.

Costumes for street, seaside, dancing, yachting, and traveling are short.

Summer suits of challie mousseline de laine and cashmere are trimmed with woolen lace, and have hats and parasols to match.

Robe dresses of Chudda cloth, albatross or nun's veiling, in white or colors, are finished with borders of illuminated broche.

Many handsome velvet brocades for summer, show unique fruit designs in canvas grounds, and are plainly though profusely draped over full skirts of surah.

Nothing could be more exquisite than the new muslins in fruit and flower patterns on white, black or plain-colored grounds garnished with cascades of cream or tinted laces.

Soft-finished sateens in geometrical designs, lustrous as satin and flexible as foulard, share favor with the serviceable and adaptive pongees which come in patterns for house dresses, richly embroidered and with models showing just how to make them up.

The same latitude prevails in choosing materials for bridal dresses that is given in other present fashions.

For brides' dresses white satin is the first material chosen, but for warm weather weddings, organdie muslin and fine lace with profuse flower decorations is most appropriate.

Drab-white, or pure white cloth trimmed with gold braid makes, when in the hands of a first-class English ladies' tailor like Redfern, makes the prettiest and most elegant going-away dress and Newmarket, or traveling ulster that a bride can wear. This white and drab-white cloth cleans admirably.

For traveling or general adaptability as well as for full-dress occasions, Pim's Irish poplins, popularized by the Queen of England, and specialized by Lord & Taylor seem to fill a niche in the public demand unengrossed by any other material. It possesses three claims to service combined in no other fabric. It is flexible, dust-defying and uncrushable.

* * * * * *

Quaint novelties are seen at all the furnishing centres.

Style, clad in comfort, at moderate cost permeates the province of home.

Painted portieres, mantel window lambrequins are a late conceit in artistic furnishing.

A new device in fire screens is a silk banner with the family coat-of-arms and motto or monogram embroidered on it, hung on a brass bracket with three arms to the mantel shelf so that it can be moved in different directions.

A fact which pleasantly strikes the casual shopper is the reasonable figures at which the best carpets are sold.

The variety, beauty, excellent quality and cheapness of the Moquettes, Miltons, Body Brussels, Axminster, Ingrains and tapestry carpets, China mattings, Oriental rugs and all classes of flower coverings, are a benefaction to the fairy fingers which make home beautiful, after the new methods.

The modern parlor resembles an illuminated mosaic; each article of furniture and bric-a-brac differing in color form and combination from every other artistic confection or trifle the room contains.

The fancy in boudoir furniture is to have the wall paper, window curtains, portieres and carpets to correspond in color, while the chairs, lounges and fauteuils are upholstered variously in plush of different but harmonizing colors, tinsel shot, moyeuage brocades of several kinds, and many fancy chairs of cane or bamboo, gilded or painted and cushioned with plush or jute velours, tapestry finely fringed in Louis XIV. or Louis XV. styles, and all sorts of fancy plush-covered tables, stands, etageres and low bamboo five o'clock tea tables and sofa tables not to speak of the Japanese screens and cabinets and book cases, small desks and other pretty objects and conveniences that mark the individuality of a woman of taste and refinement. * * *

LIFE is meant for work and not for ease.

TRY Ayer's Cathartic Pills! They are mild and pleasant in action, but thorough and searching in effect.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

FOR the performance of tricks by clairvoyance two persons are required. One is the clairvoyante, preferably a young lady, who answers the questions, or gives the solutions of the puzzles; she is always blindfold while remaining in the same room with the audience; but when the room door is interposed between herself and the questioner, her eyes are free. The other performer does nearly all the trickery; he conveys the correct reply or a keynote to the clairvoyante in the question he puts to her, who, noting the first letter of the query, replies according to the prearranged code.

The professional conjuror and his clairvoyante are usually prepared to name all the heterogeneous articles capable of production by suspicious spectators; but amateurs will find they can make a better display with less labor by confining their exertions to such tricks as follow.

Having found a suitable clairvoyante, whom we shall suppose to be a lady, the interding conjuror and she must first commit to memory the code of signals which it is their intention to use. The principle of such a code is to make certain letters stand for, or be synonymous with, certain figures; these figures can afterwards be applied to cards, coins, or any other group of articles.

The following code will be found easy to learn—

1, M, Y; 2, B; 3, L, A; 4, O, K (Q); 5, W; 6, H; 7, I, G (J); 8, E, X, P; 9, O, R; 10, T; 11, S (Z); 12, F, U (V); 13, N; 0, D.

In the above, each letter of the alphabet is represented by a number, and it will be found that if the letters be put together, omitting the auxiliary ones in parenthesis, they will form a sentence of deep political significance, viz.:—"My Black Whip Exports Fund," which materially assists the memory.

The consonants should be used in preference to the vowels. The method of using the code will be best understood by our supposing a performance to be taking place. The clairvoyante is seated blindfold; the conjuror hands pencil and paper to one of the audience, and requests that a figure be written down.

Suppose 5 has been written. The conjuror glances at it, and sees he must begin his question with the letter W., so he asks, "What is this figure?" The clairvoyante notes the initial letter of the sentence, and immediately replies, "The figure 5." *Q.* How many figures have been written? *A.* Six figures. *Q.* Please name the first? *A.* 4. *Q.* Quicker now? *A.* Another 4. *Q.* Go on? *A.* 7. *Q.* Read this one? *A.* 9. *Q.* Last figure, now? *A.* 3. *Q.* Correct—844793.

The letter D, besides representing the figure 0, also signifies under certain circumstances to the clairvoyante that she is to reply in the negative thus—*Q.* Do you see the chosen card?—*A.* None has been chosen; you are trying to catch me napping. It is also necessary to provide for a slip of the conjuror's tongue. A simple method of cancelling a wrong signal is by a crack of the fingers. Thus the clairvoyante pays no attention to the query which has preceded the crack of the conjuror's fingers, but waits for another signal before replying.

LEGAL PHRASEOLOGY—If a man would, according to law, give to another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange"—which one would think would be what is called in legal phraseology, "an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein"—the phrase would run thus: "I give you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck and otherwise eat the same, or give the same away, as fully and effectually as I, said A. B., am now entitled to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away with or without its rind, juice, pulp and pips, anything heretofore or hereafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments of what nature or kind soever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

Pleasure is a silken cord composed of exquisite cobwebs, and floods of rich sunshine give it a beautiful hue. Duty is a golden rope, which, once thrown over our necks, leads up unwillingly where pleasure is obliged to follow.

Nerves and Nervousness.

A nerve is a wonderful thing, and the whole complex system of nerves the most wonderful thing in nature. When this delicate system falls into disorder, the most painful consequences too often follow, as thousands of suffering men and women know to their sorrow. Until within a few years no agent was known that could certainly be relied upon for relief in any long-standing case of neuralgia. But now, in that subtle and marvelously potent substance known as Compound Oxygen—so gentle in its action that no disturbance or pain is felt in the most sensitive nerve-fibres—we have an almost certain cure for all forms of this distressing malady. The feeblest, the most delicate, can inhale it without fear of injury or pain, and with a sure prospect of relief. To know all about this beneficial agent, write to DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, for their treatise on Compound Oxygen. It will be sent free.

NOSES.

NOSES mark the peculiarities of races the world over. The lower races, like the negroes, Esquimaux, etc., have a broad, flat nose, and their mental and moral characteristics are low. The Caucasian has a prominent and well defined nose, and he leads in subduing the world. The Chinese have bad noses, and they are intellectually a superior race, but they are not really an exception, for they flatten the noses of their children in infancy. They cultivated small and flat noses for generations, upon some absurd notion that the eyes are the most important and should not be obscured by the nose. You can also see how the nose marks some of the gradations of society around you. Look at the concave faces of the low and ignorant—those you are sure to find of mornings in the police courts, or who adorn the cells of our prisons. You cannot for a moment associate beauty, valor, genius or intellectual power with such cases.

Of course, among the refined and educated there are noses and noses. Education and proper early training may do much even for a nose. Socrates had a snub, a vile snub, but he was frank enough to admit that in his heart he was a very bad man. Training did much for him, as it does for everybody, but a man who enters life with a snub is seriously handicapped. Can you wonder that the learned Mr. Shandy expressed his grief so forcible when he learned that his son had lost his nose at the very threshold of life?

If you study the portraits of great men you will be struck by the character of their noses. The world compellers have all had good noses. Napoleon's nose was well shaped but large, neither Roman nor Grecian but a compound of the two. Alexander the Great had the same kind of a nose, and so had Frederick the Great, Richelieu, and Cardinal Wolsey. Look at the portrait of Washington. All that is great in firmness, patience and heroism is stamped upon his nose, which is the true aquiline. Wellington's nose was of the same type and so was Julius Cæsar's, and each possessed the same characteristics of patient courage and heroic firmness that belonged to Washington. The wide nostriled nose betokens strong powers of thought and love for serious meditation, and these you see in the portraits of Bacon, Shakspeare, Franklin and Dr. Johnson, and in others of our great students and writers. The poets generally have beautiful noses of the Grecian type as you may see in the pictures of Byron, Shelley, Milton, Petrarch, Voltaire, Schiller, Robert Burns and Edgar Poe.

OLD HATS.—The group of islands known as the Nicabars, situated about 150 miles south of the Andamans in the South Pacific Ocean are but little explored, though the manners and customs of the inhabitants of these islands, offer very interesting peculiarities to the notice of the ethnologist. One of the most noticeable of these, and one which seriously affects the trade of the islands, is the passion for old hats, which, without exception, pervades the whole framework of society. No one is exempt from it. Young and old, chief and subject, alike endeavor to outvie each other in the singularity of shape no less than in the number of old hats they can acquire during their lifetime. On a fine morning at the Nicabars it is no unusual thing to see the surface of the ocean in the vicinity of the islands dotted over with canoes, in each of which the noble savage, in a tall white hat with a black band, may be watched standing up and catching fish for his daily meal.

The curious passion is so well known that traders from Calcutta make annual excursions to the Nicabars with cargoes of old hats, which they barter for cocoanuts, the only product of these islands; a good, tall white hat, with a black band, fetching from fifty-five to sixty-five good cocoanuts. Intense excitement pervades the island while the trade is going on, and fancy prices are often asked and obtained. When the hats or cocoanuts have at length come to an end, the trader generally lands a cask or two of rum, and the whole population in their hats get drunk without intermission until the rum also comes to an end. It is curious that in those far away regions so profitable a market should be found for cast off specimens of one symbol of civilization. The same yearning after better things in a more advanced stage may be observed in Madagascar, where no official is content if he cannot deck himself out in the tarnished plumage of some long-defunct admiral, general, or ambassador.

THE THINNEST.—If a sheet of gold-leaf is held up against the light, I appears to be of a dark green color; this means that the light is transmitted through the leaf. When it is considered that this leaf is a piece of solid metal, a better idea of the extreme tenuity of the leaf can be comprehended than by any comparison by figures; nothing made by the hand of man equals it in thinness. This extreme thinness is produced by patient hammering, the hammers weighing from seven to twenty pounds, the lighter hammers being first used.

IN the training of youth we guard anxiously their first words and deeds, we educate the eye, the ear, and the hand, we discipline their mental powers by vigorous and continuous study, we cultivate their various faculties and powers by exercise; but their imaginations, which we call fancies or dreams, we leave to be developed by the chance influences of the playground or the library. Yet what people imagine is in some degree the foundation of what they are and the source of what they do and say.

Happiness

results from that true contentment which indicates perfect health of body and mind. You may possess it, if you will purify and invigorate your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. E. M. Howard, Newport, N. H., writes: "I suffered for years with Scrofulous humors. After using two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I

Found

great relief. It has entirely restored me to health." James French, Atchison, Kans., writes: "To all persons suffering from Liver Complaint, I would strongly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was afflicted with a disease of the liver for nearly two years, when a friend advised me to take this medicine. It gave prompt relief, and has cured me." Mrs. H. M. Kidder, 41 Dwight st., Boston, Mass., writes: "For several years I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family. I never feel safe, even

At Home

without it. As a liver medicine and general purifier of the blood, it has no equal." Mrs. A. B. Allen, Winterpock, Va., writes: "My youngest child, two years of age, was taken with Bowel Complaint, which we could not cure. We tried many remedies, but he continued to grow worse, and finally became so reduced in flesh that we could only move him upon a pillow. It was suggested by one of the doctors that Scrofula might be the cause of the trouble. We procured a bottle of

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

and commenced giving it to him. It surely worked wonders, for, in a short time, he was completely cured."

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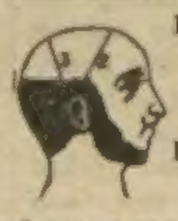

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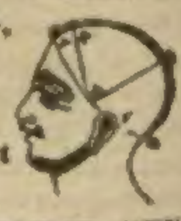

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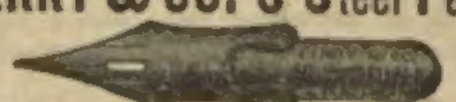

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40 HORSESHOE HAND BOUQUET CHROMO CARDS, 10c. C. W. BROOKS, Putney, Vt.

Recent Book Issues.

"Troubled Waters; A Problem of To-Day," a novel by Beverley Ellison Warner, deals mainly with the question between labor and capital; with a rascally mill-owner, a strike, and a robbery, the sifting of which brings exposure and disgrace upon the villain of the book. The materials are use with considerable, and now and with marked dramatic effect. The story moves in a conventional groove; but in the main it is spiritedly told, and when the author does not fall into an over moralizing or a sentimental mood, is most excellent reading. Published by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., this city.

"Vain Foreboding," a novel from the German of E. Oswald, by Mrs. A. L. Wister, tells a well constructed story of storm and sunshine in love. The plot is not strikingly original but the characters are strongly drawn and artistically constrasted, the style is pleasing in its vigorous simplicity, and the whole is characterized by a picturesqueness and a realism that both attract and interest. The work, however, is not the most brilliant of the long list upon which Mrs. Wister has brought to bear her skill as a translator. Published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co.

The third volume in the series of "Taken from Many Sources, publishing by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., contains: The Professor and the Harpy, from *Cornhill*; The Marquis Jeanne Hyacinth de St. Pelaye, by the author of Jean Inglesant; The Rock of Scorpions, from *Cornhill*; Queen Tita's Wager, by William Black; King Pepin and Sweet Olive, from *Cornhill*; A Film of Gossamer, by E. M. Clarke, The Lay Figure, from *Cornhill*; and The Count of Rochemont, from *Temple Bar*. The selections have been made with excellent taste and judgment, and afford an admirable collection of uncommonly good examples of high skill in the difficult art of short story writing. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

"Luck of a Wandering Dame" by Hans Lykkejoger, is a book of real life and real adventure, that has all the interest of a romance and the value of a sermon. It is the adventures of a man on land and sea; here and abroad, told in a plain straight-forward and very entertaining way. It is for sale by all newsdealers.

"Plutarch on the Delay of the Divine Justice" translated with an introduction and notes by Andrew P. Peabody. This treatise is one of the most interesting and valuable that have come down to us from the great Grecian. While its matter might seem to make it specially acceptable to the particular reader, its plenteous notes and clearness of statement render it most worthy of reading by all classes. It would be well if all the great moral thinkers of antiquity were made modern in the useful way that Mr. Peabody has shown can be done, in this little bit of Plutarch. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. For sale by Lippincott.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Part XV. of *Parodies* containing parodies on the leading authors, is full of clever imitations of the most noted poems of Edgar Allan Poe. Those curious in literary matter will find this publication very entertaining. Collected and annotated by W. Hamilton. Published by Reeves & Turner 196 Strand, London, Eng.

The Popular Science Monthly has the following excellent list of contents for June: Are We to Become Africanized? by Henry Gannett; The Nervous System and Consciousness; The State Versus the Man: A Criticism of Herbert Spencer; A Rejoinder to M. De Laveleye, by Herbert Spencer; Whales, Past and Present; The Fuel of the Future, by George Wardman; Use of Sulphurous Disinfectants, by G. Tissandier, Illustrated; The Mediterranean of Canada; The Ways of Monkeys; Moths and Moth-Catchers; Concerning Kerosene; The Chemistry of Cookery, by W. Mattieu Williams; Sketch of Dr. Alfred E. Brehm, with portrait; Editor's Table: Liberty in Education—De Laveleye on Socialism; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany and Notes. Appleton & Co., Publisher, New York.

The Magazine of Art for June has for its frontispiece a "Study of Drapery and Gesture," reproduced in fac-simile from a drawing by Edward Burne Jones, and a lengthy and discriminating paper is devoted to this interesting painter. A number of engravings and fac-similes from Burne Jones's most characteristic work are given. "Island and Home," in East Suffolk Memories carry us idly through a beautiful country, over moor and fen, through woods and by the side of silvery streams. In the paper in the "Romance of Art" Series, the picturesque figure of Lantara, a favorite French painter of the eighteenth century is drawn. The well known ornithologist, Whymper, has a paper on "Designs in Feathers" which is full of information and suggestion. "From Gothic Glass to Renaissance," is a timely contribution to the study of a popular subject. All the other articles, the illustrated poem, etc., are likewise both timely and interesting. There are several full-page illustrations in this number and numerous smaller ones. Cassell & Co. New York.

ARABLE LANDS.—Rolling, arable lands form the best pastures, because they support the greatest variety of valuable herbage. The grasses and plants of low wet places are rank and innutritious. Weedy pastures cannot form first-rate milk. Old pastures are more valuable than new and the greater the diversity of plants the more valuable the pastures.

Humorous.

IT JUST SUITED HIM.

The old man snored on his corn-husk bed,
And dreamed of rails, and fodder, and grain,
But his daughter watched by her window-sill
For the gay young man to come up the lane.
Oh, love is mighty—and bolts are weak
To restrain a fellow that believes in cheek.

"Hither, my dove," in soft tones came
From under the window. Out in the night
She slid on a clothes-line all prepared,
And in less than a minute was out of sight,
While the rowdy old owl sang out, "too hoo!"
As they both skeedaddled to Kalamazoo.

The sun was up, and the old man woke,
He missed his daughter, and saw the racket—
As he spied a note in her vacant room
Stuck in the crack of a walnut bracket.
He read it slowly, and quietly said:
"Doggon good thing that I went to bed!"
—S. T. OLEN.

Man of letters—A sign-painter.

Light-fingered—A match-maker.

The best posted traveler is a letter.

The roller skate is the root of all evil.

The longest reign in history—The deluge.

To be seen for nothing—The play of the features.

The curse of cane—Carrying it under the arm at right angles with the body.

At what time does a man's hair resemble a packing-box? When it stands on end.

"Yes," he said, "before marriage I thought I could live on love. I am now living on my father-in-law."

"No, sir," he said to the captain, "I'm not seasick, but I'm decedly disgusted with the motion of the vessel."

"Why is it called the honeymoon?" asks an exchange. Honey, because it is full of cells; and moon, because it comes high.

"Father," spoke up a very small boy, addressing his unshaven sire, "your check looks like the wheel in our music box."

Another murderer has confessed that he killed a man years ago, thereby destroying the clue which the detective was working up.

Cervantes says: "A good name is better than tons of gold." If any one has a ton, we have the good name, and are willing to swap.

It is said that "a guilty conscience needs no accuser," but it might be added that ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it does not want one.

Did you ever notice how much more you walk on the foot with the corn on it than on the other one? You hardly notice the other one at all.

It is now reported that Limburger cheese is being adulterated. We do not know what the substance used is, but it makes us grow pale to think of it.

If, as is stated, the stomach of an ostrich is located at its back, between the wings, after a hearty meal we imagine it might look a little round-shouldered.

Last December little George saw a snow-storm for the first time. "Mamma, mamma!" he called out from the window, "bring a pan. It's raining pop-corn."

"Grandpa, dear, we have come to wish you many happy returns of your birthday; and mamma says if you give us each a dollar, we are not to lose it on our way home."

"What is the meaning of this great sorrow?" asked a late comer at a popular entertainment; "what is the audience weeping for?" "Professor Bangs, the elocutionist," whispered the usher, "has just finished reciting a humorous poem."

YOUNG MEN!--READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to those afflicted with nervous debility, and all kindred troubles. Also very efficient for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,

Sciatica, Headache, Toothache Inflammation, Congestions, Asthma, Influenza, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS,

Dysentery, Diarrhœa,

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarial, Bilious and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price fifty cents. Sold by druggists.

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The Great Blood Purifier.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be scrofula, consumption, ulcers, sores, tumors, boils, erysipelas or salt rheum, diseases of the lungs, kidneys, bladder, skin, liver, stomach or bowels, either chronic or constitutional, the virus is in the BLOOD, which supplies the waste and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy the process of repair must be unsound.

THE SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

Not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healty current of new life.

THE SKIN,

After a few days' use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots and skin eruptions are removed; sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparilla is continued a sufficient time to made its impression on the system.

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Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Flattering at the Heart, Choking or Suffering Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pains in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Black, in dresses, cloaks, hats, and bonnets, is now most fashionable, and is to be seen much more generally than anything else. The theory which many people hold, that one is better dressed in black—especially those with small incomes—than anything else, seems to be a tolerably general one, to judge by the prevalence of it. Certainly the most beautiful and varied materials are to be seen in it, and handsome costumes are profusely trimmed with the plomb or lead passementerie, jet, silver and gold combinations. The black woollen canvas striped with broad velvet is popular, trimmed with yak lace, and worn with a mantelet of the stripe, laden with lace; and a bonnet of black and gold net, velvet, and wings. This material in different colors is the novelty of the season. It is striped with broad velvet or moire, and embossed plush, to be also seen in fine and coarse quality, plain, or with appliqued silk flowers, outlined with narrow gold and silver threads, or woven in a pattern that has the effect of lace. Day and evening costumes, mantles, bonnets, parasols, and long travelling cloaks are made of it. Biscuit color is particularly popular, and also navy blue, showing a red foundation under its semi-transparent surface, and trimmed with navy blue velvet. The most daintily made mantelets are made to wear with the dress, by the leading dressmakers. The skirts are varied in style, but the two sides are nearly always differently arranged, the front draped, and the back long, round and full. The full back with the gathers put in quite at the centre, on the *tournure*, is kept in place sometimes by tolerably broad revers of velvet, which meet, and fasten to the outside of the basque, with a bow or some sort of ornament. The front drapery, if long, is drawn across to the left hip, and loses itself under the velvet.

Crape cloth is another fashionable material, and is extremely pretty in stripes of delicate blended colors for light summer dresses, especially for tennis wear. The unshrinkable tennis flannels for this season are particularly pretty, and light in weight, and soft and becoming in colors. The plain and broad-striped material is used together. Another fashionable fabric which has taken greatly with the public is the woolen or yak lace as edging, and also in the piece, not so much the real, but the imitation. In cream this lace will be greatly used for tennis and morning costumes mixed with net's veiling, canvas, or fine flannel; and in black it goes well with cashmere or any fabric, and is to compose the fronts or the panels of skirts, the waistcoats or bodices, close-fitting out-door jackets, or horizontal insertion in skirts, with a background of colored silk or satin. Long, old-fashioned lace scarves are now used for the fronts of silk or brocaded mantles. They are gathered up in plaitings round the throat, joined in front, and allowed to fall to their natural lengths in flat folds down the front of the mantelet, which reaches just to, or below the waist. The lace on the mantelet must match as nearly as possible.

In artificial flowers white lilac is popular, also purple and yellow iris, gueldor roses, clusters of horse chestnuts, with leaves and blossoms, and exquisite sprays of roses on thick stems. Wings and feathers have greatly superseded artificial flowers, and also quantities of ribbon and beaded ornaments. At several recent weddings the bridesmaids' bouquet, and the bride's, have been festooned all around with narrow satin ribbons, the former in several colors, the latter in white or cream. A bride's bouquet, at a fashionable marriage of the day, had a fringe of marabout instead of lace, round the edge, and four tall white ostrich plumes, rising from the holder, standing up at distances. Posies instead of the usual large bouquets, are being carried by guests and bridesmaids at weddings drawing-rooms, and occasionally afternoon receptions.

Combs in the hair are becoming popular. Those worn some years ago, with large balls are reappearing, and are placed at the top of the plaits of hair, on a level with the top of head, and serve, in the daytime, to keep the short bonnets in place. The tortoise shell Spanish combs are also worn, with the hair dressed a little lower. With these plaits of hair gilded hairpins are much used, and sometimes they all stand out a little. As many as thirty are sometimes to be seen, studded all over the plaits or coils. Very large horseshoe pins in cut jet are also popular, three being usually seen. The hair is sometimes half turned up, and the plaits or coils arranged not quite on the top of the head, so that they partly show under the bonnets. This suits some heads better than having all the hair on the crown of the head. A merry-thought in diamonds is a fashionable present to a bride or a very favored friend. It is of the natural size, and is placed in the hair, dress or on a wide bonnet string bow. In gold or silver the merry-thought is given to bridemaids. A shamrock leaf in diamonds and enamel is another ornament of the day. Blood-red note paper and envelopes, with rough edges and surface, called "Mahdi" paper, is being used, but not very generally by any means. The monogram is in black and gold, or plain gold. Primrose paper is much more attractive in every way, and has the flower stamped in gold on it, or the monogram in pale blue and gold or bronze.

Domestic Economy.

Spring being the season for the manufacture of marmalade, the result of some experiments with different recipes and its application to useful purposes may not be without interest to the readers of THE POST. After trying many different methods for making, the following produces results far superior to any other. The marmalade is full of flavor and brilliantly clear.

Marmalade of Seville Oranges and Lemons.—Ingredients: Fifty Seville oranges, sixteen lemons, 70 lb. of best white sugar. Weigh the fruit; wash it well, scrubbing each with a brush. Cut each orange and lemon into quarters, take away all the pips, then cut the rind into very thin slices, the thinner the better, without removing the pulp. This is best done on a smooth paste board. Put all this shredded fruit into a large pan, and add two pints of cold water for every pound of fruit. Let this soak for twenty-four hours, then boil it for twenty minutes from the time it begins to boil. Soak again for twenty four hours, then weigh the fruit and water and to every pound add 1 1-4 lbs. of the best white sugar. Then boil together for quite an hour, counting from the time it begins to boil. Put into pots and tie down when cold. The quantity of ingredients given make 90 lb. of marmalade.

Marmalade of Seville Sweet Oranges and Lemons.—Ingredients: Two dozen Seville Oranges, twenty sweet ditto, one dozen lemons, 24 lbs. sugar, eight pints water. Wash the fruit well, scrubbing it with a brush. Put it into a large saucepan of boiling water and boil it gently for one and a half hours. Take the fruit out of the saucepan; throw away the water it was boiled in; cut the oranges and lemons into halves or quarters; scoop out the soft parts; cut the rind up into very thin strips carefully pick out all the pips; every other part is used. Boil 24 lbs. of good preserving sugar in eight pints of water for a quarter of an hour; skim this syrup if necessary; then add to it the shredded rind and pulp. Boil all for one hour, counting up from the time when it boils up. This quantity of fruit weighs (before boiling) about 13 lbs., and makes about thirty-two pots (1 lb. pots) of marmalade. When a medium sized preserving pan is used it is is found more convenient to make it in four lots—viz., quarter the fruit, two pints of water, and 8 lb. of sugar, making eight pots. This mode of making is more troublesome, and the result is not so satisfactory as the former.

Lemon Marmalade.—Ingredients: Ten or eleven lemons (about, 3 lb.), 6 lb. water. 8 1-2 lb. sugar; average cost, 70c. Weigh the fruit. Wash it, cut it up as in last recipe, soak it for twenty-four hours or longer, allowing 2 lb. water to every 1 lb. of fruit. Boil up for twenty minutes; soak again twenty-four hours; then add 1 1-4 lb. sugar to every pound of fruit and water. Boil gently for quite one hour.

The following recipes, in which marmalade is an important ingredient, have been repeatedly tested, and found satisfactory:

Breadcrumb and Marmalade Pudding Baked.—Ingredients: One large tablespoonful of marmalade, one breakfast cup of fine breadcrumbs, half teacup of castor sugar, one egg, half pint milk. Put a layer of marmalade at the bottom of a pie dish. Rub some stale bread through a wire selve until a breakfastcupful is made, mix this with the sugar, and put it over the marmalade. Beat up the egg, add to it the milk, pour this custard into the dish. Bake in a very moderate oven for one hour to one and a half hours. Should be a pale brown.

Rich Marmalade Pudding Boiled.—Ingredients: 1-2 lb. suet, 1-2 lb. breadcrumbs, 1-2 lb brown sugar, 2 oz. ground rice, two tablespoonfuls marmalade, two eggs. Chop up the suet (which should be dry beef suet) as finely as possible, make the breadcrumbs by rubbing stale crumb of bread through a wire selve, beat up the eggs; mix all the ingredients well together in a large basin; let the mixture stand overnight, if possible, before cooking; well grease a pudding basin, fill it with the mixture (it should be quite full), tie it over with a pudding cloth which should be dipped into boiling water and floured well, tie the corners of the cloth loosely over the top; put into a large saucepan of boiling water, boil steadily for four hours.

Confidential Correspondents.

EVA.—In the language of flowers a moss rosebud is a confession of love; a red rosebud implies that the recipient is young and beautiful.

PLEASANTON.—London is 122 square miles in extent, being seven miles less than Philadelphia, which is 129, and the largest in all the world.

GRACIE.—If the young gentleman to whom you refer loves you as much as you seem to think he does, your conduct towards him has been exceedingly unkind and improper. A faithful, loving heart should never be trifled with.

SUB.—The House of Representatives at the last session passed a bill for the redemption of the trade dollar. The bill provided that the trade dollar might be received in exchange for the standard silver dollar. The bill is now pending in the Senate.

MISS B.—It is still a question for discussion among the authorities whether plants in a sick-room are beneficial or deleterious to the patient. We believe that the authorities preponderate in favor of the latter supposition—that is, that flowers in a sick-room are hurtful.

READER.—The independence of the Swiss Confederation, in a certain sense a republic, was acknowledged by the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648, which would make Switzerland the oldest republic still in existence in the world, though it was not then, in boundary or in spirit, what it is now. The Helvetian Republic dates only from 1798.

E. T.—If May marries December, she commonly accepts his offer because he has gathered up treasures. A wealthy dowager is married to a young man, a fine, handsome young fellow, who does not object to silver hair if there be genuine gold to keep it in countenance. The money-loving spirit has led many a blooming girl to be the wife of a man old enough to be her grandfather.

BELLE.—You should remember that if your present trade is over-stocked, so also is the profession of elementary teachers; and the latter, moreover, is likely to become increasingly so as a larger proportion of the juvenile population of the country receives the rudiments of education. However, you cannot do better in your enforced leisure than improve your mind, as you appear to be doing. In this direction you are entitled to the fullest encouragement.

A. R. F.—You will have no peace so long as you keep the old stumps in your head; one or other of them is constantly getting inflamed, and then the frame of the artificial teeth gets out of shape and does not fit in consequence, setting up gum-boils and sore mouth; besides, the jaw shrinks and gives too much play to the artificial teeth, which then acts as an irritant. By all means have the stumps out as they irritate; it would be cheaper in the end to have all out and a new set than go on in misery.

BELPHEGOR.—The great earthquake at Lisbon took place in the year 1755. It was the most dreadful calamity which ever befell a modern European city. Six thousand houses were thrown down, thirty thousand inhabitants killed, and, to add to the horrors of the scene, a conflagration sprung up which spread still wider destruction around. Shocks of earthquake more or less violent are often felt in America, but no such calamity as that which occurred at Lisbon has happened to this country so far back as history goes.

L. B. S.—Good address presupposes some education, a genteel person, and an obliging disposition. It is the leading requisite, in all pursuits, and is the basis of successful shop-keeping. An apothecary must possess good address, a good education, a retentive memory, and a cheerful compassionate disposition. An auctioneer should have good address, memory, a quick eye, and shrewdness. Strong nerves, in its ordinary acceptation, is necessary to the surgeon, dentist, and probably many others. It is also used as synonymous with resolution and enterprise. It is the prominent requisite in all kinds of speculation, and, when combined with every other great and good quality, makes the merchant, the professional man, the author, and the statesman.